The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

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The bank rascality is reaching high water mark.

If you want to know what baccarat is ask the Prince of Wales.

Some of Uncle Sam's sovereigns can buck the tiger, while the Prince of Wales can only back-a-rat.

Philadelphia looses four million dollars in the shape of delinquent taxes. This, with the swindles of the Keystone and Spring Garden banks, by which the city also comes in for over a million, must make Philadelphia wonder when lightning will strike it next.

"Our Hearts Delight," is a large new, and elegantly bound music book, just published by H. J. Smith & Co., Philadelphia. The music in it will be found choice and of a high order; It is a storehouse of sweet melodies of past and present,

It is rather rubbing it in on Philadelphia the fact just disclosed that Bardsley, the city treasurer, "honest John," as the Republican boss was called, had not paid taxes since 1877, and was in default $12,000. The city a part of this time was paying him $15,000 a year for taking care of the taxes paid by other people, which he did with such thoroughness that a million and a half he held for the State and city has disappeared.

The Philadelphia grand jury found eighteen bills of indictment against Ex-City Treasurer John Bardsley, charging him with appropriating to his own use city and state funds. Bardsley is now in prison in default of $50,000 bail to answer the charge of embezzlement of $39,000. The eighteen bills of indictment were found on that number of specific charges under the three separate heads of "money laned by a public officer," "deriving rain from deposit of public money," and "converting public money to his own use by investment."

There is a water famine in New Orleans, no rain of consequence having fallen for 70 days, and the death-rate has run up to 36.8 per 1,000, or about double the usual mortality in summer. Some portions of the city are entirely without water, the fluid supplied to the remainder is undrinkable. There is talk of sinking artesian wells to meet the trouble, but this will take time, while the suffering meantime must increase greatly unless relief comes speedily from the clouds.

In its bituminous coal product, according to the census figures, Westmoreland leads the counties of the State with a value of $5,674,493; Clearfield comes next with $4,403,000, then Allegheny with $4,000,000. Fayette reports $3,705,000, Jefferson $2,117,000, while Washington, Tioga and Cambria each approach the million and a half line, the first named a little excess. The value of the product of the State is $28,000,000, and the wages paid $21,000,000.

From India comes the news of another uprising, this time in state of Keonjhur. The rebels have swept everything before them, robbed the treasurer of the Maharajah, and are prepared to defend themselves against British interference. The Seventh Bengal infantry has started to put down the insurrection, which is strictly local in its character, and it is believed not to be formidable. The cause of the outbreak appears to have been the conduct of the Maharajah, who has of late been oppressing his subjects with excessive taxation. He has added to the discontent by receiving a Persian slave into his harem as a wife, thereby giving great offense to the orthodox Hindoos.

In the Italy that existed before 1860 there was no freedom save in the little kingdom of Sardinia. Austrian bayonets ruled over the greater part of the country and to be suspected of loving liberty was to brave the dungeon and the scaffold. Rome was governed by priests. Freedom of worship was denied. No man might worship God except in the manner prescribed by the vatican. In the intervening years there has been tremendous development. Men are now at liberty to think and to speak as they please. The Protestant church dwells safely within the shadow of St. Peter's. The modern spirit has invaded Rome and men are free to think and act. The infidelity which is rampant is the natural reaction from centuries of intolerance and repression. After while there pendulum will swing back and the people having habituated themselves to freedom will become genuinely religious.

Wanamaker in it

The federal administration is now badly smirched with suspicion arising from the connection of Wanamaker with the Keystone bank, declares the New York *World*. That institution granted unusal and illegal favors to the postmaster general. Its president loaned him money on his own personal note. His family's accounts were often overdrawn. He received discounts to the amount of $100,000 more than the law permits.

The rotten condition of the bank was known at Washington for three months before the comptroller of the currency appointed a receiver, and both that officer and the attorney general seemed to be charged with knowledge. In the meantime innocent persons deposited money in the concern, deceived by the appearance of soundness which continuance in business sustained; but Mr. Wanamaker acting on his knowledge, drew out his own money.

Bardsley's counsel alleges that Mr. Wanamaker can make a very interesting disclosure about the bank and its ruin. It is to be hoped that he will. As it is, there are, to say the least, indications that arouse the suspicion in some minds that the Pharisaical postmaster general is one of the figures in this rascally business, and that he has been assisted by the banking department of the treasury and by the department of justice.

Mr. Wanamaker is all the more readily suspected because of the corrupt reason for his appointment to the cabinet, and therefore an answer to these insinuations of Bardsley's counsel and an explanation of the extraordinary facts that are known are absolutely necessary if he is to enjoy any of the reputation which his Sunday school has won for him.

Mr. Wanamaker has since completely refuted the above charges of the *World*.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, on Wednesday of last week having disposed of the revision question and the case of Dr. Briggs, took up the matter of worldly amusements, and more especially the game of progressive euchre, a form of amusement very much in vogue among good people of late years.

The committee on the general subject recommended that a deliverance against progressive euchre be adopted; but, after much debate, the report was sent back to them with instructions to eliminate the clauses imposing discipline for indulgence in the game, and for dancing and theatergoing. Yet progressive euchre is as much a gambling game as draw poker or baccarat. It is played for stakes, and the stakes give the zest to the game which makes it popular. They are called prizes, but they are gambling stakes, all the same.

If, then, any form of gambling is wicked, playing progressive euchre is wicked. It is also especially wicked because it stimulates the passion for gambling so easily kindled in the feminine breast more particularly. It is a woman's game rather than a man's, and the gambling spirit it excites is the cause of the feminine fondness for it. Morally, the party of men and women who played baccarat at Tranby Croft with such sad consequences to Sir William Gordon Cumming were no worse than is a progressive euchre party in the pious Presbyterian household. The stakes were in money in the one case and in the other they consist of articles bought with money; but, of course, the principle is the same. It is gambling, pure and simple.

The committee were right in putting progressive euchre under the ban of Presbyterian discipline, unless the General Assembly is prepared to withdraw its condemnation of all sorts of gambling and to permit gambling as an amusement without sinfulness, innocent, harmless, and proper for every Presbyterian man or woman, minister, elder, or simple layman.

The Boyer Bill a Law.

The governer has approved the Boyer revenue bill and the bills requiring the monthly return of state, county and poor taxes by collectors; providing for the recovery of bounties by soldiers of the late war; to prevent pollution of streams supplying cities; requiring county commissioners to provide the superintendent of schools with office and storage rooms.

Bardsley, Philadelphia's ex-treasurer, has plead guilty to all charges of misuse of state and city funds. He once stood high, but he goes down with the Keystone bank.

The state medical society was in session at Reading last week. If the doctors will resolve to lower their charges it would help their patients far more than medicine.

——No shelf worn stock is thrust upon customers at A. C. Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. His large trade enables him to constantly keep new goods, and always of the latest styles and at very moderate prices, as all customers admit.

The Philadelphia Scandal

From the New York World.

The Philadelphia scandal is very shocking, and apparently the end is not yet.

It is certain that the city treasurer and his pals have embezzled nearly half a million dollars of city money and nearly a million dollars of state funds. But it is not yet completely known who his pals were.

It is certain that several banks of repute have been involved, more or less criminally, in the illegal manipulations of the public moneys, but the exact extent of their several offenses is not yet made clear.

It is plain that the frauds have been perpetrated in close alliance with Republican politics, local, state and national, but the details of the alliance remain to be discovered.

It is maifest that some powerful political influence has for months shielded the robbers, abused official authority and caused the grossest neglect of official duty in the interest of the wrong-doers. But it is not yet certain in whose person that influence resides.

It is no wonder that Philadelphia is socially, financially convulsed by the revelations already made, and stands aghast at what may come out of further fact.

In such circumstances there is but one right thing to do, and that is to explore the mystery to the bottom and make the whole truth public, no matter who may be hurt. To cover up anything, to spare any man or any institution, to shrink at at any point from the search for ultimate truth, will be to compromise with crime and invite disaster hereafter. The case is one for thorough disinfection.

In London and England the baccarat scandal overshadows everything else. Gossip is rife about the obligations of the Prince of Wales to Mr. Arthur Wilson. It is reported that his Royal Highness is indebted to him to the amount of $200,000 borrowed money. While the Prince's connection with the affair and his behavior in court have not impaired his popularity, there is no doubt that among serious and thoughtful people who have their country's interest at heart, the scandal has cast a shadow on the throne, and the frivolous pursuits of the heir, so broadly revealed in this trial, have not tended to strengthen his reputation.

The Queen continues to take an interest bordering on anxiety in the case and receives complete reports of the trial as it progresses. No one feels more acutely than Her Majesty that, in a measure, royalty in England is on trial, and anything that tends to impair respect for it is dangerous. What mortification she may feel at the exhibition of her eldest son as banker in a game of cards, carrying around his own counters, is confined to the royal breast, for she is not in the habit of expressing her feelings on such matters.

The Emperor William has made another of his characteristic speeches, which will attract universal attention and provake endless comment. It was not intended for the public ear, and every effort was made under stringent orders to keep it from publication, but it has leaked out and is now published for the first time. It was delivered on the occasion of an address to a body of spring recruits for the army. In the course of it the Emperor said:

"I warm you, who are mostly young country men, against the Social Democrats. Always remember, the oath you have taken binds you to me. The Bible says the girl who marries leaves father and mother and follows her husband. I say to you, having taken the oath of soldier, follow me implicitly, shooting even father or brother without question or hesitation, when ordered."

This language startled even the young men to whom it was addressed, but was received with a loyal outburst of cheers. It spread like wildfire through the army and was talked about in all the barracks. Such an utterance could not long be kept secret, and it is now being sent over the wires to all parts of world, but nowhere will it create more astonishment than in Germany.

Rain.

Sunday was a dreary day, but a grand one for the rain it brought, which set in the previous night, continuing all day on Sunday, and the ground is now thoroughly soaked. A rain like this was wished for the past three weeks, and its benefits are incalculable.

——*Contrary to the general run, we are busy, why? Good goods at very low prices, Challis, 5, 6, and 8 cents. Lace curtains from 95 cents up. More styles than ever. Ginghams from 6 cents up, their 10¢ cent dress styles are beautiful. We are in the race to please and we are doing it. Our country friends will accept our thanks for their liberal patronage.—Garman's Store.*

Cold Comfort for Boston Drinkers

There has been turmoil in Boston for more than a year over a law which compelled persons drinking in saloons or bars to sit at tables, and made it illegal to sell liquor to any one standing up. The law was scarcely conducive to temperance, since persons sitting at tables almost invariably ordered more "rounds" than they could stand at the bar. The agitation against the law became so great that the Massachusetts Legislature repealed it and in its stead made an enactment which reverses its provisions. It is now legal only to buy liquor and drink it standing up, and is illegal to drink it sitting down. This is rather cold comfort to Boston drinkers, we apprehend, for if they are like their fellow drinkers elsewhere they want the option of drinking either sitting or standing. The reversal of the law is one of the supremely ludicrous legislative events of the year, and we shall probably now see a year's agitation for its repeal, followed by a return to the old, old custom which leaves the choice of sitting down or standing up to the man who pays for the beverage.

Depopulating a Country.

The census of the United Kingdom just completed, shows the total population of Ireland to be 4,706,162, a decrease of 9.05 per sent. since 1881. This is a greater ratio of decrease than was shown by either of the two preceding censuses, though the depopulation of Ireland has been going on steadily for the past half century, and with a rapidity unknown in any other part of the civilized world.

The population of Ireland in 1841 was 8,196,598. By 1851 it had fallen to 6,574, 271, the loss of nearly one-fifth being largely by emigration to the United States. In the following decade the loss was 11.50 per cent; from 1861 to 1871 it was 6.65 per cent., and from 1871 to 1881 it was 4.40 per cent. In fifty years Ireland has lost 4,706,192 from a population of 8,196,597, or 48.58 per cent. The actual loss is, of course, greater than this when allowance is made for the natural increase by births. And still the remnant that are left find it hard to make a living.

These bare figures constitute in themselves one of the strongest indictments that could be framed against the political conditions to which Ireland has been subjected—conditions which have made expatriation the only resort of more than one-half the people of the country. Fifty years more of the same policy will depopulate Ireland entirely, and then the English will doubtless be able to govern it to their satisfaction.

A Great Crop This Year.

Every man and woman is interested in the great corn and wheat crop now growing in the West: bountiful harvest means cheap food next winter.

The crops never looked better in Illinois, Kansas, Iowa and Minnesota than they do to-day. A year ago at this time the weather was hot and dry. Oats and spring wheat were making rapid growth. The corn crop was late. Only here and there to a limited extent had there been any winter wheat cut.

To-day however the situation is greatly changed for the better over a year ago. The country has had during the past week a low temperature and very heavy rain storms have swept over a wide territory.

These rains were most timely and beneficial. The continued drought of May had left a mark upon the winter wheat. It had also seriously injured the oat crop. Spring wheat was beginning to suffer and vast areas of the corn crop were refusing to come out of the ground on account of the dry soil.

In the main, now all conditions affecting crops have been materially changed and the first week of June closes with the earth wonderfully refreshed and with the general prospects of the West greatly improved.

Straight Facts.

An exchange remarks that "a man can start out any day in the week and inside of an hour and thirty minutes he can engage woman to work for him for life at nothing per week while it will take two weeks of solid search to get one to work at fair wages on board, with three nights out and a fire for a beau two nights a week. And then talk of marriage being a failure."

Fingers Cut Off.

Scott Kerstetter, employed on the Huyett & Co's., saw mill at the east end of Brush Valley, had two fingers of his right hand amputated by coming in contact with the saw, a few days ago.

Three Fingers Less.

Charley Bartges, son of A. D. Bartges, near Sugar Valley, had the misfortune a few days ago to have three first fingers on his right hand accidentally amputated.

An Ancient Clock.

Not on account of its intrinsic worth, but owing to its historic value, W. H. Woods, esq., of Huntingdon, has in his possession a clock that would command perhaps as high a figure as any other timepiece in the country. It was built at Paisley, Scotland, by Eavin Skeoch, in 1560, and was owned by John Knox, the great Scottish reformer from whom Mr Woods is a lineal descendant. John Knox died in 1572. His big eight day clock was handed down to his family for nearly one hundred and fifty years, when it finally came into the hands of John Whitherspoon, father of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

When John Witherspoon, the son, left Scotland in 1768 to take charge of Princeton college, he brought the old heirloom with him and when he was elected to the continental congress, the old timepiece was ticking in his parlors and indicated the hour of his departure to transact his patriotic duties. Dr. Witherspoon prized the clock very highly. He cleaned it himself at regular intervals and took pleasure in showing it to his friends and the member of congress. When he died he requested that it should remain in his family and descend to the first-born of succeeding generations. At the the death of Dr. Witherspoon, which occurred in 1794, the clock came into the possession of his daughter, Marion, who subsequently married the Rev. Dr. James S. Woods, of Lewistown this state, who died in 1862. At the death of Mrs. Woods, shortly after, the clock came into the possession of the present owner, W. H. Woods, in whose parlor it now stands.

The Fascination of a Show.

Sunbury Democrat.

The fascination that a big circus like Barnum's exercises over the average human biped is remarkable, but several cases have come to our knowledge that are extraoridinary. A young fellow started to walk from Lewistown to Sunbury on Tuesday and when he arrived here Wednesday his shoe solves were worn through to his feet. He was a washerwoman's son, and now the indulgent mother will have to put in more than ordinary time at the wash board to buy her darling another pair. Two other young chaps from Thompsontown started on foot from their home to tramp it here. Each one had a new pair of shoes strung over his shoulders, and they needed them, too, after they arrived as the "stogies" they wore on their feet were badly used up when they arrived. There is no doubt that there were any number of such cases, which show the effect of the glitter and tinsel of the "greatest show on earth."

"Feast of Weeks,"

"The Feast of Weeks" of the year 5631 will be celebrated in all the Jewish houses of worship beginning this evening, or with the eve of the next day of the third month of "Sivan," according to the Scriptural computation of time. It is called "Feast of Weeks" and also feast of the "First Fruits," because seven weeks were counted from "Passover" until this festival, where there were brought the first fruits to the temple at Jerusalem. But it is and was chiefly celebrated through all times as the Feast of the Revelation of the Sinaic legislature. While on Passover Israel celebrated the anniversary of its independence as a nation, of the beginning of its career as a messenger of divine tidings.

The Whole Truth.

Here you have it in a nut shell: "There is no safeguard like a newspaper. Nothing can do more to keep up a town and help business. The town that supports a good local paper in the town that is successfully growing, and the newspaper that is up with a little in advance of the town's growth, is the one that will live long and prosper.

About Right

A well-known physician has a good word to say for the much condemned practice of lacing. He thinks that tight lacing is really a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the sensible ones to grow up into women of use and service in the world.

For Sale.

The entire stock and fixtures of the McFarlane hardware store in Bellefonte, Pa., is offered for sale. For persons desiring to go into the hardware business this is a good opening. Inquire of Wm. McFarlane, Boalsburg, Pa., and J. Kyle McFarlane, Bellefonte, Pa., administrators of Robert McFarlane, dec'd.

Granted a New Trial.

Paul B. Swartz who was convicted of the charge of forgery at the last court held, was granted a new trial at the argument court held at Bellefonte on Saturday.

The streams of financial rascality in Philadelphia are now bank high.

Additional Locals.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

— Nine prisoners in our county jail

——Let us have new streets in Centre Hall.

——Sumner Hosterman had his wrist sprained from a fall while at play.

——Evangelical Sunday school convention at Woodward, July 29 and 30.

——Mrs. James Herring, of Altoona, is visiting friends in town.

——Bellefonte enterprise is pushing for the establishment of a fair ground near that town.

——Miss Mary Kreisher, of Lewisburg, spent several days of last week with friends in Centre Hall.

——Mr. Fred Decker, of Lemont, gave us a pleasant visit this morning. He is a very courteous gentleman and hope to have him repeat his visit soon again.

——Bellefonters are making an effort to have a race course, to be located near Roopsburg, on the Haas distillery property. The distillery, of course, has run its race.

——The Governor has signed the bill appropriating $1,500 for medals for the first troops to arrive in Washington in 1861, of which the Logan Guards, of Lewistown was one of the four companies.

——New clothing, new hats, new furnishing goods, everything new for the coming season is now opened and ready for your inspection at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

——Alexander Stover, missing from Hartley township, Union county, was formerly from Haines township, and was married to a daughter of Jacob Frederick, formerly of Aaronsburg.

——Good shoes, at very low prices can be found at A. C. Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, and a very large assortment to select from. He handles no shoddy goods and full return guaranteed.

——On the 16th of August the grand Farmers' Encampment will open at Mt. Gretna. A very large additional space has been added to the area devoted to the exhabits of machinery, which will far excel in proportions that of last year.

——May term of court was the shortest in the history of Snyder county. The grand jury having no work to perform, was discharged after an hour's session, and the petit jury on Tuesday morning. There was only one case brought before this jury and that required but a few hours work.

——J. B. Mayes & Co., of the Housersville marble works are pushing their business right along. Persons wanting Marble or Granite work should write to them for particulars. They handle the very best material at prices that will astonish you. 7jun4t

——Parents should be very careful not to permit their children to eat locust-blossoms. Several Daubhin and Franklin county children who did so grew critically ill from the effects of the same. The dangerous habit of eatiug locust and other blossoms is a very common one, and if not discontinued fatalities will result.

——To show how deadly nicotine is, it is told that two men found an adder in a Wilkesbarre cemetery one day last week. One held the reptile to the ground with a strick while his companion ran a timothy stalk through the stem of his clay pipe and deposited the nicotine in the snake's mouth. In three minutes the snake was dead.

——Ralph Catherman, little son of our r. r. agent, being out with a fishing party the other day, tumbled into Penns creek, where the water was not drowning deep, and there was a splash and—a dash for the shore, which Ralph made, but with wet breeches, which kind sunshine dried for him as he paraded in its beams.

——Several months ago, a business like chap visited different parts of Columbia county, and bought all the Walnut timber he could find, promising the owners a good price when delivered at the railroad. The owners have tired of the agent, and to keep the lumber from spoiling, are now hauling it to saw mills to have it cut up into boards,

A doctor will sit down and write a prescription; time, five minutes; paper and ink; one-fourth of a cent, and the patient pays $1, $5, $20, as the case may be. A lawyer writes 10 or 12 lines and gets from $10 to $50 from his client. An editor writes a half column puff for a man; pays a man 50 cents to $1 for putting it in type; prints it on $7 worth of paper sends it to several thousand people and surprises the puffed man if he makes any charges.

Teacher's Examinations.

Prof. Etters, county superintendent, on Friday last, held the teacher's examinations for this section, in the school building. There were about fifteen candidates for teacher's certificates and as we are informed, nearly all passed very creditable examinations.

MY DOLLY AND AUNTIE'S DOLLY.

I have the dearest little doll;
Her eyes are bright and blue;
Her hair is gold, her face and hands
Are wax, quite clean and new.

She came to me last Christmas Eve;
I call her Pretty Poll;
You cannot have the least idea
Of how I love that doll.

But Auntie says she has a doll
More wonderful than mine;
A doll whose cheeks turn white or red,
A doll with eyes that shine.

A doll that eats and drinks and sleeps,
And chatters, too, all day.
I wish I had a toy like that
To help me with my play.

But Auntie says her doll is not
So good as mine, you know;
It does not always try to mind
When Aunt says 'come" or "go."

And now and then it disobeys;
That's wrong—we're all agreed;
Such conduct is so very bad,
So very sad indeed.

Then, too, this doll is very vain,
And fond of fine new things,
And even grumbles at the clothes
That this kind Auntie brings.

And then—Oh, dear! Oh, Auntie, dear!
I pray what is that you say?
That this strange doll you've talked about
Is called *Jean Evelyn May?*

My name! How queer! Why is it so?
Oh, Auntie—now I see!
I am the doll! It's all too true!
Poor, naughty little me.

M. E. B.

HAL'S ADVENTURES.

"Hello, Jack. The very person above all others I wished most to see."

"What's up now?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"I have a great favor to ask of you; two favors, in fact. One is great and the other is greater."

"Go ahead, old fellow, I'm all in the dark, but if it is possible I will grant them. You know that, though, don't you?"

"I am not certain. But let us retire to some place more private," and the two friends strolled leisurely into the park, and lighting their fragrant Havanas, they seated themselves comfortably on one of the many rustic benches.

"I'm ready now, Hal; out with it," said Jack, as he lazily puffed out the blue smoke.

"I may as well own up that I am such a blockhead that I have to engage a guardian for a week, and not caring to confess as much to anyone else, I have decided to ask you if you are willing to assume that terrible responsibility."

"A guardian, Hal? A guardian for what?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale, which I will soon relate. That is the greater favor, and the great one is to be 'best man' for me in a little affair that is to come off next Wednesday."

"A woman in the case, as usual," said Jack. "I thought as much at first; but I did not think that you were going so deep as that."

"Yes, I'm in for it, and all I'm afraid of is that I will commit some egregious blunder before I get through with it. I have such confounded luck."

"You have confounded, luck when even your name is Goodluck."

"All the good luck I have is my name. I believe I would not curse my luck so often if it was not for the name. But 'what's in a name?' There is John Poor. If there is anything in a name he ought to be submerged in proverty, and he was for awhile. He had an invalid wife and ten olive branches, ranging from a twig to a limb, when an uncle he had never more than heard of, died and left him a fortune. That was luck, and still his name was Poor. Now I, bearing the seemingly charmed name of Goodluck, had all my ancestors 'turn up their toes' and leave me—Goodluck plain, without a cent in the shape of a legacy to back it."

"Why, Hal, have you grown morbid over destiny?"

"No, I don't groan over destiny; its good luck that I'm groaning over. Things seem to be growing brighter lately, though, and if I can get safely over the next four days I think I can sail to port, but you'll have to be pilot if I get there. This is not the first attack of the 'tender passion' I have had. You look surprised, but such is the fact. Here's the story:

"Five years ago I met the girl who first inspired in me the fever called love. When I think of it I doubt if I'm over it; but I've passed the crisis; it don't matter. It was while I was at Belden visiting my college friend, George Walters, that I first met Mary Shannon. We became friends, and our friendship fast ripened into love. There is no use of prolonging this part of the story, for after love of course comes marriage. But my marriage did not come. It was to occur, though, as we had agreed, in December.

"I came home deliriously happy, and worked hard to get the nest ready. Everything went well, and December drew near. The ceremony was to take place at three p. m. on the 18th. As it is one hundred miles from here, I intended starting the day before. But here the first of a series of misfortunes met me. My tailor was to blame for that one. I did not get my outfit out of his shop till ten a. m. on the eve of the 17 h. The difficulty looked small then, as I knew I could take the six a. m. train and reach Belden in plenty of time for the event. I made my way to the depot that morning in a driving storm of sleet; but I didn't mind that. Who cares for a storm when he's in love? The next misfortune was due to some one or something, no matter what. The real facts I don't know, but I do know that the train was two hours late. I must have walked more than half the distance to Belden in tramping up and down the platform waiting for it. At last, when I was almost beside myself with impatience, it came puffing along and we were soon flying through the country at a good speed.

"I knew that at such a rate I would reach Belden long enough before three o'clock. I was just beginning to congratulate myself on my good luck when the whistle for 'down brakes' sounded, and our train began to slow up. Windows were hastily thrown up, and soon the cause of our stop was explained. We had run into a big freight wreck.

"Word had not reached the last station we had left in time to prevent our starting. Consequently there we were, out in the country, with a dozen cars, more or less, piled up and scattered over the track, while I was sixty miles from Belden. That was the third misfortune," and Hal wiped the perspiration from his face, as if he were again living over the incidents of that day.

"Had I been your guardian I could not have helped you through the difficulties you have mentioned any better than you helped youself, could I?" asked Jack.

"No, perhaps not. But you could have prevented the fourth mistake and that was the one that lost me Mary.

"The debris was cleared away and our train pulled out again. Five hours after the appointed time for the wedding we puffed into Belden—our train did, I mean. As soon as I struck the platform I hailed a 'cabby,' with '440 Jefferson avenue,' and jumping in we were soon whirling through the streets. Rain was coming down in torrents and the wind blew a hurricane.

"Arrived at our destination I told the driver to wait till I gave him orders to go, as I did not know what difficulty I might have in convincing Mary that I could not help the delay. The general appearance of things seemed rather unfamiliar but I laid that to the storm, and hastily stepping to the door I rang the bell. The house seemed strangely silent and dark. While waiting I thought I remembered a yard to the house Mary lived in, while that one was built up to the pavement. These thoughts were running mechanically through my mind when the door suddenly opened and Mary appeared.

"'Did you think I had deserted you, darling?' I asked, quickly improvising one of her hands in both of mine, while I gallantly stooped and my moustache swept her face.

"'What do you mean, sir? and who are you?' came in ringing tones from my supposed Mary, as she quickly snatched her hand from mine.

"The strange voice aroused me first and then I understood why things looked strange. I had come to the wrong house.

"'I humbly beg your pardon,' said I making my most polite bow. 'I thought this was 440 Jefferson avenue.'

"'It is,' answered the insulted lady.

"'It is? Then don't John Shannon live here?'

"'No, he don't. Nor never did that I know of.'

"'He did live on Jefferson avenue, and 440 was the number, or was the last time I was in Belden.'

"'Belden? This is Belton, not Belden.'

"'Confoud the luck! Excuse me, miss, but I have made two such foolish mistakes that the thought of it upset me for a second. I wanted to go to Belden and have fallen short ten miles. I am sorry that I caused you trouble. I hope you will forgive me.'

"'Certainly! I am sorry you made a mistake in the place.'

Thanking her for her sympathy (which, by the way, did not help me much, when I remembered my first greeting with her), I got away somehow, and was driven back to the depot to find that it would be several hours before another train left for Belden. I decided then to send a telegram and wait till morning. The telegram was sent, but if she got it, it must have been after it was too late.

"After doing all I could to help matters, 'cabby' and I again faced the storm and when he left me at the hotel door he was two dollars richer and I that much poorer.

"I passed a restless night and was glad when it was over, and I was again on my way to Belden. I didn't make any mistake that time, and when I reached the Shannon house I received a warmer reception than I expected."

"Did you make it all right with her?" asked Jack, interestedly.

"I didn't see her. Her father met me and politely informed me that they had no use for such delinquents, when the delay was caused in the manner that it was; that I could go back to my other darling—the one I had left the night before in Belton.

"I tried to explain, but he slammed the door in my face, and, of course, that ended the interview with him. But I staid in town all that day hoping to see Mary. In the afternoon I wrote her a letter of explanation and gave a boy half a dollar to deliver it. In a half hour the letter was returned to me unopened. Then, for the first time, was I angry. My pride rose up in arms and I boarded the next train back home and I have never seen her since."

But how did they know, Hal, about the Belton girl—your other darling?"

"I didn't know then, but found out afterward. It was the cab driver that gave me away. He was a distant relative of Mary's, and I knew he was sweet on her, but as I had never met him I didn't know him while he know me. How he got word to her that night I don't know. But I am sure that he did not tell facts or she would not have treated me so shabbily. His story, whatever it was, was a success to him, for a few months afterward they were married.

"That ended that romance. I hope this one will have a happier ending, but I want to be sure that I will have somebody along with me to put me off at the right place and see that I don't kiss any other girl but the future Mrs Goodluck. Now, you know why I want your help. Will you go?"

"With all my heart," answered Jack. "But you haven't told me yet who is the unfortunate lady?"

"Nellie Gwynn. The girl I kissed by mistake on my other marrage eve."

* * * * * * *

Lase week I surprised Hal and Nellie in their pleasant home, having a jolly romp with their two-year-old boy, who, by the the way, they call Jack.

A Brazilian Delicacy.

"Talking of centipedes," said a New Yorker in the *Tribune*, "reminds me of a dish I ate once in Brazil. I went away up the Amazon one winter among the wretched Indians there, buying up raw rubber. Several of us left the boat one day and made our way into the dense forest to see if we could shoot any toucans. We got lost in short order, and, wandered about for a day and a night before we found the little creek in which our boat lay, and we were only brought back then by some Indians whom we met carrying rubber to the river to sell. We met them just as they were about to camp for the night, and as they promised to show us the way out of the forest, we camped with them.

"We had some tinned beef left and some whisky, but as I had lived on tinned beef and fresh fish for some time and was mightly tired of them both, I was looking about for a change of diet and was glad to see that the Indians had some native food with them. This consisted of some sort of grayish-white paste, that looked like a mixture of suet and 'grits.' I asked them what it was, but I could not understand what they said and our interpreter had gone off for water. It did not taste at all bad, and the flavor was unlike anything I had ever eaten, so I had swallowed a bit of it about as big as your fist before the interpreter returned and told me that the dish was made of some sort of dried root, pulverized and mixed with the trushed bodies of white ants.

"I did not eat any more."

Chinese Pottery Swindles.

The Chinese potters are guilty of the grossest swindles in the production of bogus old porcelains. What are known as single color porcelains, that is, pottery in one tint, like the beef's blood, liver, blue, peach, apple green and other colors command almost fabulous prices from collectors. The value of ancient Chinese ware in their estimation rests on its perfect color and its age. The modern potters of China imitate the colors and the trademarks of the ancient potters on the bottoms of vases and other objects. There they dispose of the forgeries to the agents of American and English houses who reside in China and are constantly on the lookout for such prizes. Every great piece of pottery manufactured in China in the past has been counterfeited. The leading collectors of the world, public and private, have been imposed on with these forgeries. They are next to impossible to detect, except by the Chinese themselves, but there are a few experts in this country and abroad who can be relied on to form a fair judgment of the false from the true. They go mainly by the sound of the pottery when it is rapped rather than by its colors. Although the sinful Celestial of the present day can imitate old colors and old signatures, he cannot, it is said, reproduce the peculiar quality of clay out of which the ancient pottery was made; and the ring of his productions is harsher and less musical than theirs. It is by this that the experts detect his dishonesty.—*New York News.*

Killed By a Fly.

Mrs. Anna Beatty, who lived with her family in Bay View, Wis., died a most horrible death the other evening. About two weeks before a fly got into one of her nostrils, and it was some time before she was able to remove it, and when she did an icning sensation remained and her nose and throat began to swell. She became alarmed, and a week ago Sunday a physician was called. Since that time Mrs. Beatty had been suffering in a manner almost indescribable, and the doctors say a similar case is unknown to medical science. It is stated that soon after she was taken sick maggots were discovered in her nose and throat, and for several days Mrs. Beatty had been unable to swallow any thing like food. Her death was the cause of having been literally eaten up by maggots. She died in the greatest agony, and her affliction was a puzzle to the doctors. Upon examination of the body it was found that the partition of her nose was gone, a hole had been eaten through the roof of her mouth, the soft palate had disappeared, and the throat was frightfully eaten.—[Cincinnati Enq

A bottle thrown into the Atlantic on November 24, 1887 from the Cephalonia, about 400 miles out from Boston, recently washed ashore on a little islet in the Caribean Sea, 6,800 miles away.

FOR THOSE WHO GRIEVE.

What is Good and What is Bad Form in Mourning Costumes.

There is no more glaring violation of good tastes in dress possible than an elaborate or much-trimmed mourning gown. It stamps its wearer at once as certainly ignorant, very possibly vulgar. The style follows closely the quietest shapes of the day. Thus for the street a long-waisted bodice, very possibly seamless with the fullness plainly gathered in front instead of being confined with ribbon or buckel, and a skirt with undraped back and having the front either straight also or with long Greek apron, slightly caught up on the left side. Such a skirt may be bordered, if wished, with a deep crape band.

At any fashionable milliner's will be found a variety of mourning hats and bonnets, and the straining after effect in them quite as marked as in gayer plumage. This does not apply, of course, to the first bonnet worn by the widow, which carries the vail. This vail, the doctors say, is a most unwholesome piece of drapery, and assurodly it is wearisome because so heavy. Its length in fashionable circles is carefully graduated according to whether it is worn by a widow or a mother who has lost a child. The tendency at present is to substitute nun's vailing for crape as its material, and for summer, certainly, the change is commendable. A bonnet that is to be vailed must have a low, flat crown, and in spite of the fact that a few black-headed pins and a fold here and there are all that is necessary, the arrangement of a vail to form a becoming back-ground for the face is a good deal of an art and one to which is given more and more attention, only the best milliners in good establishments being allowed to touch the drapery. Strings for the mourning bonnet, if of crape, are silk-lined. Sometimes broad ribbons are used and sometimes narrow bridles.

Mourning for young girls should be of the simplest always and not too heavy. It injures the health and spirits, and no one has a right to keep them under a cloud. For toddling children mourning-dress is nothing short of heathenish.

The mourning gloves are undressed kids, but these seldom wear well, and dressed kids are frequently substituted. A handkerchief with a simple black monogram is better than the bordered varieties, while as for the woman who sends black-bordered paper and envelopes through the mail, she ought to be stopped by an injunction. To wear black corsets and lingerie is overstepping the mark altogether, and suggests a luxury of grief that is as far removed from genuine affliction as possible. One is not called on to believe in heart-break when a woman finds her tearful eyes relieved if they rest on mourning draperies in her boudoir. It lessen's one's respect for a woman if she finds black sheets contributing to her peace of mind.—*Chicago Times.*

Hard Riding.

During the last century when long journeys, called riding posts, were much in vogue in Europe among the aristocracy and wealthy and sporting men, a match was made between Mr. Shafts and Mr. Daywell for 1,000 guineas, Mr. Shafts to find a man who would ride 100 miles per day for twenty consecutive days.

There was a great deal of money bet on his thing, principally against it being done. It was well known, however, that distances of 800 to 1,200 or even 1,500 miles had frequently been covered at the rate of from 100 to 120 or even 150 miles per diem, but the knowing ones thought that the enormous distance of 2,000 miles at 100 per day would be likely to break any horseman down. Nevertheless Mr. John Shafts performed the feat without any extra fatigue or punishment. He used thirty horses, and rode three or four of them each day.

In Turkey the Sultan's mails and despatches from outlying provinces used to be carried by Tartars riding post, with relays of horses changed every twenty or thirty miles, and are now in some parts of the country where telegraphs have not been established. The same man in charge went the whole distance: these couriers would often perform great feats of endurance. From Bagdad to Constantinople is 1,600 miles, not over a level or rolling prairie, but frequently crossing mountain ranges, along precipices, across torrents, &c., and there is not a mile of made road the whole way, yet the ordinary time the Tartars took to perform the distance was a fortnight, and on urgent occasions it has been done in twelve days, and even in eleven days.

There is no doubt whatever about this, because this route through Asia Minor, from the Persian Gulf, was, in former days, before the Red Sea route was established, often used by officers and others who did not mind rough travel and were in a hurry to get home or to get out to India, and they often rode with the Tartars from end to end, besides which the British resident at Bagdad, or, rather the residency, was for more than a century in the habit of transmitting despatches from India to Constantinople and Europe by these same carriers. As much as 150 miles per day has often been done for eight or ten days by the Tartars. They only rested four hours out of the twenty four, and pushed on the rest of the time at a rate of six to ten miles an hour.—[Galveston News.

Shaving With Vaseline.

A friend of mine a few months ago told me how to shave easily and painlessly, and I have never shaved in a barber's shop since. The plan is to use oil or grease instead of soap to prepare the cide and soften the beard. Vaseline is the most convenient, and it should be rubbed in quite freely. Then with a keen razor shaving can be done quickly and without a suspicion of pain. At first I couldn't reconcile myself to doing without the orthodox lather and used soap after the vaseline had been applied. But the soap is really unnecessary, and shaving with oil or vaseline is cleaner, as well as pleasanter, and what is more to the point, there is no irritation whatever to the skin.—*Globe-Democrat.*

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL.

The sun yields 300,000 times the light of the moon.

Babbitt metal consists of eighty-nine parts of tin, three of copper and eight of antimony.

Athens, Greece, now boasts of possessing the largest electric-light plant in eastern Europe.

Europe and America electricity is now largely employed for the electrolytic deposition of copper.

A hundred laying hens produce in egg shells about 157 pounds of chalk or limestone annually.

The corporation of London has made a contract for supplying electric lights to a large portion of the city.

Military men are very highly pleased with the new repeating carbine which has been adopted for the French cavalry.

A Professor Adametz has discovered that a soft cheese, near the periphery, contains from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 microbes.

A luminous buoy has been invented, the light for which is produced by phosphuret of calcium, and is visible two and a half miles away.

Electrically deposited copper is so ductile that it can be drawn down until it resembles the finest hair, and this, too, without annealing.

The application of electricity to the testing and working of metals goes on space, and nearly every week sees some new development of electrical arts in this direction.

During the last two or three years the process of electric welding has sprung into prominence, and it is now being employed in a variety of ways, such, for instance, as the making of wheel tires, boiler tubes, chain links, shells for large guns, etc.

In the process of photographing colors, lately discovered, the photographs are taken on glass and paper, and the tints range from a deep red, through yellow, to a bright blue, but green is absent in all the positives. Very long exposure is required.

The erophor is a new invention from Germany of great importance in textile factories, and is being introduced into the factories of England as well as Germany. It is an apparatus to diffuse moisture necessary for spinning without injury to health or machinery.

A school of modern agriculture is to be established on a Government farm in one of the provinces of Spain. Lessons are to be given in plowing, drilling, threshing grain, etc., and the implements will be let at moderate price to farmers who have learned their use.

Among the most important subjects for investigation by our scientists and experiment stations are the discovery and propagation of friendly insects or parasites which may hold in check some of the many insect foes which infest the field, the garden and the orchard.

Weldless tubes of steel are now made in Germany by the Mannesman process out of solid bars. A pair of rolls revolve at the rate of 200 or 300 revolutions a minute. A bar of hot and therefore plastic steel is delivered to them, and by their action it is stretched and a hollow is made in the centre. The tubes made by this process are peculiarly strong and

Numbering Thread

When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7000 grains, a pound of cotton, the thread-makers mark it No. 1. If 1680 yards weigh a pound, it is marked as No. 2. For No. 50 yarn, it would take fifty multiplied by 840 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yard measurement as used by the spool cotton manufacturers. The early manufactured thread was of three instead of six-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 strands twisted together.

When the sewing machine came into the market as the great thread consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother. As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six-cord has to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 six-cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool cotton is the same number as the yarn is made of. Six-cord spool cotton is always made from yarn double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but, simple as it is, there are 2000 kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.—*New York Star.*

A Remarkable Arctic Explorer.

Dr. Nausen, the explorer, is a splendid specimen of the Viking, being six-foot high, of fair complexion, with light blue eyes and speaks English admirably. He has already been across Greenland, and has some thrilling experiences to relate; how his boats were nearly crushed by icebergs, and how, at times, the cold was so intense (seventy or eighty degrees below freezing-point) that on awaking in the morning he found his head in the sleeping-bag surrounded by a crust caused by the freezing of his breath. Water was too valuable to be used for washing purposes, and on one occasion the members of the expedition did not wash for two and a half months, and during that time were never out of their clothes; yet, withal he says he is determined to make another effort to get still further north than before.—*Once a Week.*

The largest barometer yet made has been put in working order at the St Jacques Tower in Paris. It is forty-one feet five inches high.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Easily Remedied—Original Packages—A Sensitive Ear—A Family Matter, Etc., Etc.

THE BUTCHER WOOS.

"My heart is yours," he did profess;
"I'm in an awful stew.
Liver die, I care not less
You give me promise true.

"I'd steak my very life on you,
And when I'm kept away
I'll send a tenderloin or two,
Professing love for aye.

"What answer you before I go?
Meat I your favor well?"
She said, "I love, you suet so,"
And on his shoulder fell
—[La Monte Waldron.

EASILY REMEDIED.

"Look here, Davis," exclaimed the manager of the dime museum, aghast, "you have made a mistake. It wasn't an Esquimau girl I wanted for this department. It was a Circassian girl."

"That's all right, Colonel," replied the traveling agent. "Olga," he said, turning to the dusky beauty, "go wash your face and friz your hair."—[Chicago Tribune.

ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

"What is this 'original package' business?" she asked.

"What does it mean? Well," he began explaining, "we'll say you are 120 pounds of honey in a silk and gold and diamond-mounted case."

"Yes."

"Well, so long as you are in the original wrapper," he continued, wrapping his arms about her, "you——"

"I see now," she interrupted, "but I can't understand how you are the original wrapper."—[Philadelphia Times.

A FAMILY MATTER.

Humorist—I guess I'll have to give up my position as funny man on your paper.

Editor—Why, what's the matter?

Humorist—Well, my wife won't have any more jokes about her side of the family; my mother-in-law is with us now, so I can't mention her; my daughter gets mad when I write about her beaux and her little brother, and the hired girl says she'll strike if I drag her into print again. So you see there's nothing left for me to write about.

NO ALIASES.

His Honor—H'm, drunk and disorderly, eh? What's your name?

"Pat, sorr."

"Your full name?"

"Shure and 'tis Pat whin Oi am full or whin Oi am sober just the same."

"Thirty days."—[Puck.

THE POLITE FRENCHMAN.

When General Moreau was in the United States, he was at once the victim of a rather droll misunderstanding. He was present at a concert where a piece was sung by the choir, with the refrain:

"To-morrow, to-morrow."

Having a very imperfect knowledge of English, he fancied it to be a cantata given in his honor, and thought he distinguished the words:

"To Moreau, to Moreau."

Each time the refrain was repeated he rose to his feet and gracefully bowed on all sides, to the great astonishment of the audience, who did not know what to make of it.—[Le Figaro.

COULDN'T ESCAPE.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the sour, dejected man sitting next to him.

"About ten years."

"I don't see how you can stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?"

"No other place to go to," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."—[Chicago Tribune.

AT THE MENAGERIE.

"That's the porcupine, isn't it? What an ugly-looking creature!"

"Yes. It isn't what you would call an attractive animal. Still it has a great many fine points about it."—[Echo de Paris.

HE DID NOT GO.

"No," said she. "I—I can be only a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going! I had expected a different answer, but—well, good-night."

"George," she faltered, as he started out into the night. "George!"

"What is it?" he asked.

"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good-night?"

A PIOUS HOPE.

"You must be as quiet as possible to-night, Johnny," said his mother, "for we are to have the minister for supper."

"Have him for supper, eh? Well, I hope he'll taste good."—[Ashland Press.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Wickwire—Is Budge really going to marry that girl? Why, he is as poor as a church mouse, and she hasn't a cent to her name.

Yabsley—You are wrong there. Her front name is Rose.—[Terre Haute Express.

A JEALOUS LOVE.

He—I love the very ground you tread on.

She—Then you can't have me. I want to be loved for myself alone.—[New York World.

MOST LIKELY.

Wife—What do you suppose baby is thinking about?

The Brute—I s'pose he's thinking what to cry about to-night.—[Life.

THEY ARE ENGAGED.

Cornelius Lovell—Don't address me as Mr. Lovell, Maude; it is so formal, you know. Call me Cornelius.

Miss Maude—I'd call you Corn if——

"If what, darling?"

"If I thought you'd pop."

Mr. Lovell is now engaged.

More than 800 wolves and 830 bears have been killed in Bosnia since 1880.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Longfellow.

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
passed o'er the village as the morning broke.
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The folded houses, hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features, and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth as a flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear, and doubt oppressed:
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The water sinks, before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again!

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatso'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament, nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death."

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from the hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave, they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish, or dare, believing this,
Against his messenger to shut the door?

THE OLD WINDMILL.

The night was threatening. Piles of dark cloud were rising one above the other over the steep, lonely downs. Darkness was drawing fast over shivering, leafless trees, with no moon nor star to pierce the gloom. The wind blew hard, as it was wont to do on these late autumn evenings, and it would soon increase to a gale from over the tossing, angry Channel not far distant. There could scarcely be a more solitary spot than the summit of this hill where the windmill stood, and the little old cottage lower down. No other human habitation was in sight, or existed either, for miles around.

The windmill reared itself a gaunt spectre against the sky, and threw up eagle arms that were sweeping wildly round in the wind, creaking and groaning most portentously. The whole structure moved in one huge, old-fashioned swivel, and was turned by a long lever behind, in a very ancient and primitive style. A long flight of rickety wooden steps, without attempt at a hand-rail, led up to the door leading to the interior, and to-night the ladder swayed to and fro as well the mill itself. The whole was supported on one single centre beam, so if *that* at any time gave way the whole concern would go over at once. The miller often predicted such a misfortune on nights such as these, for the age of the mill was absolutely unknown. But as long as it did good work still, and filled the miller's pockets, he vowed it should not come down.

In the cosy kitchen of the cottage below, two people were seated, a boy and a girl. You could tell they were brother and sister by a certain likeness between them; and yet they were different looking enough too. He was a sturdy, rose-cheeked fellow of fourteen, with bright brown eyes, and easily puckered, open forehead. She was small and fragile, though only a year younger than her brother; a gentle, timid, little thing, with the most loving heart in the world. They were fond of each other, these two—or rather, I ought to say Maggie was devoted to Tom, and Master Tom *pretended* to care very little for girls, as he would scornfully assert, and laughed at his sister's timidity many and many a time. Yet in his heart he thought much more of her than he suffered to appear.

Tom was busy getting up his lessons for the next morning, his head buried in his hands, restless fingers pushing through his thick, curly hair, and an intent frown on his brow. Maggie sat on a stool by the fire, with some knitting lying idle on her lap, her gaze fixed thoughtfully on the crackling blaze. It lit up the whole room, and there hardly needed the one tallow candle on the round table to assist the young student's laborious reading.

"Father is late again!" Maggie said, softly; and Tom started violently, and shut his books with a loud bang.

"There! I've done the old beasts for to-day;" with a sigh of devout thankfulness. "How I hate and detest every lesson book in creation! Hollo Mag! what's the matter? You look as solemn as an owl."

"Why Tom, father is so late again! And he promised to be home early to-night, as Aunt Mary is away."

"Well, what if he is?" Tom fidgetted, impatiently. 'You always worry so over everything, child. I suppose it doesn't follow that he is stopping at the 'Sheaf and Arrow'? And if it does, we can't help it."

"I am afraid it does follow, Tom. And how will he find his way home in such a wind as this, and so pitch dark too? You know he nearly lost it once before, Tom!"

"Lost *what*?" quoth Tom, crossly; he had a shrewd guess as to what Maggie was aiming at.

"Why, his way, He lost the road, you *know*, Tom," reproachfully. "And he said if ever he was so late again, and on such a dreadfully dark night, we ought to put a light in the mill window."

"*We* indeed! I should like to see you struggling through this gale, Miss Maggie. *Me* you mean; and catch me doing it, that's all. Why when I ran out half an hour ago to put the brake on the sails, lest the old mill should get on fire at the rate she was going, I was blown right over twice before I got back again."

Tom was out of humor, as Maggie plainly saw; and he was angry with his father, boy as he was he had no pity for the miller's faults. His youthful judgment was stern and relentless.

"Oh Tom," pleaded Maggie, tears rising in her grey eyes, "you *ought* to do it. You *ought* to take the lamp out. Or if you won't," she, added in a strange tone of resolution, "*I* shall."

"You?" he laughed, derisively. "Whoever heard of a girl doing what a boy could not, or would not? For of course I could do it if I choose," said Tom, ignoring consistency; "I don't choose, that's all. You can't do impossibilities, and it's rich to hear you talk of going out in the dark (even if you were *not* blown into the sea) when you are afraid of going upstairs without a light; you know you are."

His contempt and implied doubt dried Maggie's tears as if by magic. A flush rose to her cheek.

"You always will persist in thinking me a coward," she said quietly. But you are not always right, Tom, all the same."

"Humph!" said Tom, in a better temper directly he saw the dove begin to peck. "I generally am, I know that. Look here, Maggie, I've got a headache, and don't want any supper. I'm off to bed, and you'd best come too; father will let himself in as usual."

And off went Tom, after first kicking his heavy boots off, and heaping his books spitefully at the very edge of the table, whence they fell to the floor with a clash. It was music in his ears, and he did not stop to pick them up. Maggie, left alone, did that with her usual patience. She placed them in a tidy position, and then she went to the cupboard, and took out a small oil lamp. She trimmed the wick carefully, pouring in an abundant supply of oil, put a box of matches in her pocket, and threw a thick shawl over her shoulders. Then she drew the curtain aside, and looked out into the wild night. A few stars were gleaming between hurrying, driving clouds that raced across the the sky. The wind whistled and shrieked round the cottage, and in every hole and cranny, wherever it could find an entrance; but the little girl noticed that there was a sort of lull in the tempest, and Maggie opened the door tremblingly, and closed it behind her, before her courage should fail. It was quite true that she generally shook at a shadow, but there was something more in Maggie Turner than mere timidity to-night. A moral bravery that led her on to do and dare for love, what many and many an older person would have painfully shrunk from attempting. Yet the child never dreamt of being the heroine she actually was. I don't know that if she *had* it would have lessened the beauty of her deed, but as a matter of fact she did not.

How that fearful climb up the hill was ever achieved Maggie never was able to explain, but by dint of scrambling now backwards, now forwards, wrapping her head in her shawl, gasping and choking in the fierce blast, she reached the rickety ladder at last. It swayed ominously in the dim light, but brave Maggie placed her foot on the ancient staircase, and struggled up to the door.

She pulled it open with some difficulty. The great sails swung above her, but they were not going round, owing to Tom's thoughtfulness. She knew her way about the old mill almost as well as her own home, and she groped past the dumb machinery to the little platform by the narrow window in safety. Then she struck one of her matches and lighted the lamp, and it gleamed out brightly into the waste of mill and moorland outside. As Maggie set it securely she gave a sudden and dreadful start. It was not only that the darkness was visible now, and full of fear to the frightened child, her mission being fulfilled, but that a well-known sound (which would only have amused her in the day-time, as rather fun on the whole) smote her ears now with a sickening alarm. The crazy old door had banged to! Alas! it only opened from without; and in the hurry and confusion of the moment she had forgotten the prop which was always placed against it to prevent its closing. Maggie was alone in the swaying tottering mill.

* * * * * *

Two hours had passed. The gale was at its height, when Master Tom woke up with a start to find his father beside his bed, holding a candle with a hand that trembled visibly.

"Tom, where is your sister?"

The miller was sober enough now, sober with fright. Little Maggie was closer to his selfish heart than anything on earth; and as he had stumbled upstairs to bed he had looked into his child's room as usual the last thing (he never forgot to do that, how muddled soever his brains might be). When lo and behold! the room was empty, and the bed had never been slept in at all.

"Where?" Tom said, half crossly; "Why where she *should* be, father. Maggie is in the house somewhere, if she's not been blown out to sea," as a stronger blast than before shook the cottage to its very foundations.

"I tell you she is out somewhere, boy. Tom, did *you* put that lamp in the mill window which has lighted me home?"

The miller's voice was hoarse with anxiety: it was so low as to be almost inaudible in the din of the storm without, but Tom heard it, and a sudden comprehension flashed upon him, to his own utter bewilderment.

"*Maggie* put it there!" he cried "and she has shut herself in, you may depend. But its not safe in the old mill to-night, besides she must be frightened to death by this time. Well, of all the little bricks——"

He spoke to the air; his father had left him with a smothered exclamation, and Tom, throwing some clothes on, rushed after him.

Ah! only just in time! They burst into the mill. Maggie was sleeping peacefully in the heart of danger, all undisturbed, her pale cheek pillowed on her arm; unprotected by earthly friend, yet guarded tenderly by One who never slumbers. They snatched her away, and had scarcely staggered a few paces down the hill with their light burden when a thundering, terrible sound made them pause involuntarily, and turn back towards where the mill *had been*. It lay a ghastly ruin in the faint light of the rising moon. The work of the old, old mill was done at last.

And Maggie was safe! How the miller sobbed over the precious life that his sinful indulgence had so nearly sacrificed. Maggie, seated on his knee, with her arms round his neck, was supremely content and at rest.

"I was not afraid after I had said my prayers, father. Tom won't think me a coward now, will he, father? And oh, you won't be so late again *will* you, father?"

And he never was again. No! Maggie's brave deed reaped a better reward than she had ever dreamed of.

F. UPTON.

Carriage Nomenclature.

It is probable that the idea of a vehicle with wheels, to be drawn by animals, must have occurred to men soon after the domestication of the horse and ox. The first attempts in this direction were very rude. In this country the prevalent mode of travelling for the first two centuries was on horseback, the roads preventing any very extensive use of wheeled vehicles; but, as the country has increased in wealth, and the highways, city and town streets have improved, the demand for public and private carriages has grown to be very large. A writer in the Detroit *Free Press*, gives the origin of the names of some of the most common vehicles now in use.

The popular Hansom derives its distinguishing title from a certain Mr. Hansom.

The Brougham, which was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, took its title from that nobleman.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Hacks originally were termed hackney coaches, because they were drawn by hackney—a name applied to easy-going horses.

The Gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being taken from the French gigue, signifying a jig, or a lively dance.

The term Coach is derived from the French coche, a diminutive form of the Latin conchula, a shell, in which form the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the verb couper (coopay), to cut. This was considered an appropriate designation because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

Seldom, if ever, is the full term Omnibus applied to those lumbering vehicles. With the characteristic brevity of English speaking races, the title has been changed to Bus. These were first seen in Paris, in 1827, the original name being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

Cab is an abbreviation of the Italian capriola, which is changed to cabriolet (cabriolay) in French. Both words have a common derivative—cobriole—signifying a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appellation is unknown.

TRACKING SNAKES.

The Wonderful Hunting Powers of the Australian Native.

When the Australian black fellow is pushed and can find no other game he catches snakes, lizards, iguanas and kangaroo rats, the wiliest and most agile of all wild animals on their own ground and amid surroundings the most favorable to their concealment, by simply exercising the faculties of a superior wild animal.

With those wonderful great brown eyes of his he can see the faintest trail where a snake had zigzagged through the dry moss and leaves, or the slightest foot-mark where an iguana had fled from his approach to its refuge in a hollow tree. When daylight fails him and the dews of evening begin to fall his broad nostrils take up the chase, and, stooping down among the bushes, with a tough forked stick in his hand to support him in his tiring attitude, he follows the track as unerringly as any bloodhound. When he runs a snake to earth, if he can not surprise it in the open and kill it by a sudden blow of his stick, he squats over its hole, holding the forked end of his stick downward, and makes a low hissing or whistling sound with his lips.

Soon the snake puts his head out of the hole and peers around. In an instant the forked stick descends and fixes it to the ground by the neck, and the black fellow, seizing it firmly with his muscular hands just behind the head, so that it can not bite him, drags it out of the hole and twists its head off; or, if it is too strong for that, pounds it on the ground till its back is broken. So with the iguanas and all the other animals. The black fellow never loses their trail when once he gets upon it, and having followed them to their lair, he patiently awaits until they come out or until he is able to get a hand in and pull them out.

The black fellows declare, and probably with truth, that not a single animal can escape them if they have time to hunt a piece of desert country thoroughly. When they want to return to camp they can follow their own trail by sight with the greatest ease, but they say they can not follow their own trail by scent at all. It has no scent for them, though another man's has a strong scent. This is one of the most curious facts connected with these strange people; but it is only in accord with the well-known natural phenomena.—Forest and Stream.

KNOCKS HIM OUT.

A man may stand at a cannon's mouth
Firm as stonewall in his track,
Then go to pieces in a crash
With a collar button down his back!

MAY MAKE ANOTHER GREAT REPUBLIC.

In a fashion so quiet as to scarcely have attracted attention anywhere a new nation has been born to the great English speaking family, a nation of men of our race, dominated by our traditions and possessed of our determined love of human liberty under law and embracing the vast island of Australia, which is as large as the United States.

The seven colonies or States of Australia have formed a Federal Constitution based upon that of the United States, and have changed their status from that of separate colonies to that of a great Federal commonwealth, independent in all but name and self-governing altogether.

By courtesy of tradition the Australians have provided that the chief executive officer of the new nation shall be a Governor-General, whom they consent that the British sovereign shall appoint, subject to their demand for a capable person—a demand plainly supported by their readiness to declare their independence if it shall not be complied with. Beyond that there is no suggestion of British right to rule, and the "Commonwealth of Australia" is in affect an independent republic, as it manifestly ought to be.

This new national creation is significant in many ways. The very possibility of its accomplishment by the peaceful act of the people concerned makes the extraordinary change that has been wrought in the English conception of government and human rights during the century since American independence was declared. Great Britain now accepts as a truism the doctrine that she fought our fore-fathers seven years to negative the doctrine first proclaimed in our Declaration of Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; but they are the creatures of the people, and that whenever a people see fit they are free to throw off the government of any other people and institute one of their own. These Australians, without so much as a thought of asking leave, and without a thought of objection being made from any source, have done that which in American colonies a century ago was accounted high treason.

There is hopeful significance in the fact that in forming their new governmental system our cousins in Australia have based their institutions upon democratic ideas and not upon the aristocratic traditions of the mother country. They have taken not Great but Greater Britain for their exemplar, and have modeled their Constitution upon ours, with its central idea of a Federal Republic of locally self governing States. —*N. Y. World.*

Things Here and There.

A clear Easter is said to be the forerunner of seven successive sunny Sundays immediately following.

The chief secret of comfort lies not in suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

An excellent way of testing tea is to put a teaspoonful in a glass of water and shake it thoroughly. If the tea is pure the water will be a clear amber tint, but, if adulterated, strongly colored.

Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late comers, try covering it closely with a tin setting it over a basin of hot water. This plan will keep the food hot and at the same time prevent it from drying.

Stuffy furniture is made endurable by means of pretty, clear, starched linen slips, and such pretty linens come nowa-days flowered and striped and damasked, that the homeliest set of furniture clad therein is transformed into something pleasing.

If you want to make squash pies and eggs are scarce and dear, substitute rolled soda crackers for the eggs, say one to each pie. Season particularly well, don't forget the salt, and if not as good as the original, it is excellent, nevertheless, says the *American Cultivator*.

Winter vegetables are improved by soaking them in water for an hour or more before they are used. Potatoes, beets, and other Winter roots are improved by being soaked at least twelve hours in cold water. This soaking is said to remove the strong flavor acquired by all vegetables kept in cellar bins.

If it is desirable to keep an article very cold, or to cool it speedily, and ice is not to be had, a pan of cold water on the cellar-bottom will often serve the purpose. On very hot days perishable articles, as milk, butter, or berries, are sometimes hung in the well, and they are delightfully cool and sweet when they reappear. But ice is he best and most serviceable.

China's Great Bridge.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion Bridge near Sangang, in China. It extends five and a quarter miles over an area of the Yellow Sea, and is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is seventy feet above the water and is enclosed in an iron network. A marble lion twenty-one feet long rests on the crown of every pillar. The bridge was built at the command of the Emperor Kieng Long, who abdicated in 1796 on account of old age.

Glimpses of High Official Life.

First city official: "Say, Jim, I want to get a divorce from my wife so I can marry another man's wife." Second city official: "All right Bill. I'll make out the papers for you, and while I'm busy at that you'd better skip around and kill the other man, so there won't be any bother."

While clouds, especially the higher forms, have a general tendency to move in the same direction as storms, that is, from west to east, it has been decided that they are a very poor guide to follow in special instances, and they fail especially at times when such assistance is the most needed.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A Few Odd Articles of Convenience Lately Contrived.

An inventor has just patented a paper vest. Paper, as is well known, is a non-conductar of heat, and the new waistcoat is said to be an excelent thing to wear when the thermometer is below zero. One of the most singular of recent patents is a rocking-chair washing machine. The rocking-chair, which is placed in a tub in which are water, soap and the clothes to be washed, has a rack on its rockers provided with a grooved roller. The wash-tub has projections on its vertical ends, and allows of the full play of the rocker of the chair. The result of this arrangement is that the mother of the family can rock her child to sleep in her arms and at the same time be washing the family linen. Persons traveling by rail can now make themselves very comfortable by the use of a patented portable elbow frame. These can be fixed so as to give the effect of the most cosy arm-chair, and the fatigue of a long journey is thus materially diminished. These elbows can be folded when not in use and weigh under three pounds. A new device, which is adapted either for a bed or bath-room, it a portable shampooing apparatus. This patent applies to a reservoir to hold either hot or cold water, and fitted with a spray fixed on an arm projecting from the reservoir. The arm is movable, so that it can be turned down, leaving a mirror, which is fitted on the reservoir, clear for shaving purposes or for general use. This handy shampoo is made entirely of metal. The spray is easily adjusted by a tap, leaving both hands free for use, and the reservoir being so constructed that it can be moved to any desired height any force required can be obtained.—Chicago Daily News

The Ideal Vegetable Country.

In former years, the vine and the orange were the only culture that newcomers to Southern Chalifornia would undertake. The "tenderfoot" was afflicted with a mania to own a vineyard or an orange grove, other things could be raised anywhere. "Back East," they could grow potatoes and onions and cabbages. But it takes considerable money to start a vineyard or an orange grove, and when the period of hard times came, beginning about the spring of 1888, many people found themselves owners of more or less land. Those who had money set out their orchards and vineyards; but many others could only follow the Chinaman's example and raise vegetables. Well, the results would make a Kansas or an Illinois farmer envious, and drive a New England farmer crazy. Potatoes have yielded from $500 to $1500 an acre, and so on with nearly all vegetables. Ranchers who last winter shipped peas, and lettuce, and string beans, and such things cast, received such large prices that it would be useless to write the figures down; they would only be smiled at as details of a characteristic California story. But these things are written about and talked of, and the consequence is that everything indicates an unparalleled amount of immigration this winter. When John writes back to his old folks that his last strawberry or green pea crop returned him $2000, lots of trunks will be packed at once to make the journey to the Sunset Land.—*New York Tribune.*

Who Invented Ice Cream?

The first mention of ice cream that is found in history is in the account of the festivities following Washington's first inauguration as President, in this city, 1789. Among the ices used upon that occasion was ice cream; which is said to have been prepared under the direct supervision of Dolly Adams, wife of John Adams, the second President. Mrs. Adams was at that time the brightest star in social and diplomatic circles. Dolly's popularity was by no means diminished when it was discovered that she was first to suggest the new confection.—*Confectioners' Gazette.*

The usual size head for an adult English man is Number 7. Germans have round heads; Malays small ones. The heads of Portuguese average from six and seven-eights to seven inches; those of Spanish are a little higher. The heads of Japanese excel the English average.

The Peak of Teneriffe.

Attention is being called to the fact that the peak of Teneriffe at dawn cast upon the ocean a shadow that at first appears to be flat upon the surface, but that gradually seems to rise up until it is perpendicular, and stands apparently a reproduction in black of the real mountain which beside it is white and glowing in the sunlight. The scientific explanation of the phenomenon is that the shadow at first is really flat upon the water, but that, as the heat of the rising sun causes a vapor to rise from the ocean, the shadow gradually becomes cast against the bank of fog instead of upon the water, and really is straight up in the

House Poison.

If the condensed breath collected on the cool window panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of singed hair will show the presence of organic matter; and if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found, on examination by a microscope, that is is alive with animacules. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

The announcement of Bryant School, located at Roslyn, Long Island, appears in our advertising columns today. This institution is one of the best on the Island, and as it is situated in a most healthful and picturesque section of the north shore, is worth the consideration of parents seeking a select and carefully managed boarding school in which to place their boys.

BEN AND MARY OUTWITTED

A Joke that Tickled an Indiana Farmer Almost to Death.

One day I was riding along a highway in Indiana when I came upon a pile of bedding and articles of crockery and hardware in front of a farm house, and seated on the horse-block was a corpulent old man with a very red face. Naturally enough I asked him what had happened, and he went off into laughter which lasted a minute before he could reply.

"Them duds belong to Ben and Mary."

"But who are Ben and Mary?"

"Ben's my—my—ha!—ha!—ha! I've laffed till I'm almost dead. Ben's my son and Mary is his ha!—ha!—ha! —wife."

"But who tumbled those things out there?"

"I did."

"But where are Ben and Mary?"

"She's gone home and he's broke for the woods. Stranger, excuse me, but I'd have to laff if there was a corpse in the house. It's too durned funny for anything—ha!—ha!—ha!"

And he yelled and whooped until he could have been heard half a mile. When he sobered up a little I asked:

"Is there a joke in this somewhere?"

"Is there? Whoop! I should say there was! Go in the house and you'll find the old woman nigh dead with laffin."

"Well, what is it?"

"You see, Ben got married about three months ago. Purty good boy, but inclined to be tricky. He married a purty fair gal, but she's dreadfully ambitious. They cum home to live and about a month ago wanted me'n the old woman to deed over the farm to them and be taken keer of the rest of our lives. We didn't like the idea, but they hung to it, and so last week I made out a deed and handed it over. It wasn't a deed describin' this farm, but some other farm, though it looked all reg'lar nuff."

"You doubted their faith, eh?"

"I kinder did, and so—ha! ha! ha! Say, stranger, don't think hard of me, but I've got to laff or bust. Just tickles me way back to my shoulder blades!"

He went off into another fit, and when he got his breath again he continued:

"This mornin' was the sixth day since they got the deed. As soon as breakfast was over Ben said they'd to git along without our valued company, and suggested that as it was nine miles to the poor house we make an early start. He intended to turn us smack out doors without a dollar, but he got left. I told him he'd better look into the deed a bit, and he went to town and diskivered the trick I had played. You orter seen them two when they come back! Why, why——"

And he laughed again until I had to pat him on the back to prevent a catastrophe.

"They were the humblest, down-troddenest, used-upest, gone-to-pieces pair you ever sot eyes on. Ben got a plug of terbacker and a horse pistil and left fur the woods, and Mary tied a wet towel around her head and hoofed it fur her father's house. I've brought out their duds and piled 'em up here, and if they don't send fur 'em before noon they kin go to the dogs."

"Well, they deserve it."

"Yes, they do; but it was a narrer escape fur me. If that deed had been all right me'n the old woman would be paupers to-day. But it wasn't all right, and—and——"

And I had driven at least half a mile before I lost the sounds of his laughter.—N. Y. Sun.

How Westerners Hustle.

In the reading room of the Lafayette hotel two gentlemen were conversing, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. From scraps of conversation that gradually drifted across the table it was evident that one of them was a western man on a visit to the city and the other was a friend showing him about town. The westerner was tall and spare, almost to gauntness, sharp featured and had that quick, restless motion which is so characteristic of the active, pushing man.

"Since I came to Philadelphia I have seen many things that make me in love with your city. I have gone into your homes, sat by your firesides and entered into the home life of your people. No matter where I go, whether it be in the house of the rich or the poor, the same feeling is always with me and that is the peacefulness that characterizes everything. Your home life is what I most enjoy, and you do know how to enjoy yourselves. I went into a house the other evening, every piece of furniture, every book told me that the family used them. There was a bright fire on the hearth, an old clock stood in the corner that seemed to partake of the general good fellowship as it reflected the firelight. I fancied it smiled and crooned a low song, rest-peace-rest-peace was the song.

"But in the wild and woolly west where I come from we have no time for such things. We hurry, push and tear along, every man anxious to excel his neighbor; we forget that there is such a thing as rest. We have our clocks, too, but their very organization differs from yours. They don't take up much room for we have very little to spare. Generally they are very small, and they, too, have absorbed the feelings of their owners. As they stand on the mantel there is no smile on the face, and the little clock cries 'Git! git! git!' and we do 'git!'"

Why Small Game Was Preferred.

Friend: "Well, Mose, I see your fondness for chickens has got you into trouble again. Why can't you eat something else?" The culprit: "Deed, Mar's Brown, I would, cheerfully; but how's a poo' nigger to carry a whole sheep off under his jacket? Does de law require impossebilities?"

—The mare Sunol cost Robert Bonner $41 000 when he bought her from Governor Stanford. The price Mr. Bonner paid Mr. Vanderbilt for Maud S. was $40,000. Maud S.'s record is 2.08¼; Sunol's is 2.10¼.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

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Centre Hall, Pa., Thurs, June 11

MADMAN RUNS A TRAIN.

Conductor and Fireman Watch the Man at the Throttle.

Shamokin, Pa., June 8.—With his hands on the throttle a crazy engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad made the run of an express train between Pottsville and Wilkesbarre, guarded by the conductor and fireman. It was an exciting and sensational passage.

Engineer Elmer, who had run on the Pennsylvania railroad for many years, was considered one of the most competent men in the service. He talked pleasantly to the fireman, and there was nothing like insanity until after running a few miles Elmer stopped his train. In explanation he told Conductor Zach Moyer that there was "a freight ahead," and that without orders he would not proceed.

Moyer, thinking the man was joking, laughed, and said it was all right ahead. Thereupon the trip was resumed. New Castle was reached, and again Elmer asked for orders. Moyer's suspicions were aroused, and during the run to Morea he watched Elmer's movements from the baggage car. The engineer shifted about in the cab, and at times acted as if he were about to leap from the cab window. In running a long stretch of track he suddenly stopped the train, and said the water for the boiler was low, although the tank was almost full. Conductor Moyer and the fireman came to the conclusion that Elmer's mind was deranged.

Then the conductor climbed into the cab and watched the throttle as a hawk would watch a scared chicken, and whenever the crazy man would put on an extra head of steam the other men shut it off. By flattery, pleading and resorting to numerous strategical moves the train was brought safely into Wilkesbarre.

To Reorganize the Miners.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 8.—Efforts will be made at once for the complete reorganization of the miners in the coke region by the United Mine workers of America. Vice president Penna, of that organization, said today: "Our fight against the coke operators must be maintained as long as we cannot get our rights. The fight cannot be evaded. I believe it will not be long before there will be another strike in the regions. The settlement at present is one purely through force. The men have no obligations, moral or legal, to remain at work for three years. A settlement like the present one will never remain in force."

Not Guilty of Bribery.

Media, Pa., June 9.—The jury in the case of Dr. Henderson Hayward, of Birmingham township, on trial here for election bribery, returned a sealed verdict after being out twenty-six hours. The verdict as returned acquitted Dr. Hayward of bribery, but half the costs in the case were ordered to be paid by him and the other half by Charles Phipps. Phipps was the witness who had taken the $50 from Dr. Hayward, and who the jury had decided was the real prosecutor in the case.

Dropped from the Second Story.

Reading, Pa., June 9.—Albert Sweigert, dropped from a second story window at Second and Penn streets, and was taken to the Reading hospital, suffering from a broken nose and other injuries. The house is occupied by Mrs. Lizzie Bennitch, and Sweigert, who is not a ledger there, had, it is said, gained access by stealth. How he came to drop out of the window is not known. For some time, it is charged, Mrs. Bennitch has been persecuted by Sweigert, and recently had him arrested.

Thieves in Camp.

New Castle, Pa., June 9.—A wholesale arrest of twenty suspected thieves was made by the New Castle police at Lawrence Junction. The men were in camp in the woods, and large quantities of silver and jewelry were found in their possession. All were committed by the mayor as vagrants and professional thieves. They will have a hearing Thursday. Nothing is known as to whom the valuables belong.

Both Claim the Office.

Harrisburg, June 5.—Z. X. Snyder has made a formal application to Dr. Waller for the office of state superintendent of public instruction. He was promptly informed, after an amicable conference, that Dr. Waller considered the place as indubitably his, and it was settled that the matter should be referred to the courts for proper adjudication. The time of the trial has not yet been set.

They Charge the Pinkertons.

Scottdale, Pa., June 9.—Master Workman Wise and Secretary Parker, active leaders in the late coke strike, declare that threats have recently been made against their lives by Pinkerton detectives. Parker says he was deliberately shot at on Saturday night near Wheeler. The two labor leaders are discussing the advisibility of hiring officers to investigate the matter.

The Jimtown Rioters on Trial.

Uniontown, Pa., June 9.—The trial of John McSloy, C. M. Parker, Michael Damon and twenty-seven others for conspiracy and riot at Jimtown during the coke strike was commenced before Judge Ingraham. All will be tried together. J. S. Schoonmaker and Thomas Lynch are the prosecutors. More than a hundred witnesses will be examined.

The Tri-County Fair.

Pottstown, Pa., June 8.—There are 105 entries for the races at the spring fair of the Tri-County society, which opens here to-morrow and continues four days. This is the largest number in the history of the society.

A Reading Physician Killed.

Reading, Pa., June 9.—Dr. George H. Landis, aged 62, and deaf, a well known physician of this city, while attempting to cross the Reading railroad tracks here was struck by an engine and instantly killed.

Died of Quick Consumption.

Reading, Pa., June 9.—Dr. Albert J. Cressman, a member of the pension examining board and secretary thereof, died of quick consumption, aged 35. Four weeks ago he attended to his large practice.

HIPPOLYTE'S RULE.

His Offhand Manner of Ordering Executions.

THEY LOOK MUCH LIKE MURDER.

Merchant Regaud, Who Was Suspected of Favoring Legitime, Shot Down at the King's Command, and His Nephew Shot for Asking Information—Remarkable Tyranny.

New York, June 9.—The steamship Oranje Nassau of the Dutch West India mail line arrived at this port from Port-au-Prince, bringing news of the latest attempt at revolution in Hayti.

The vessel put in at Port-au-Prince on Sunday, May 31, and found the inhabitants of the town greatly excited and soldiers parading the streets.

The outbreak of the rebels occurred on Thursday, May 26. While President Hippolyte was attending church a former cabinet minister, at the head of eighty followers, all well armed, stormed the prison and released 200 political and other prisoners.

The released prisoners were provided with arms and ammunition, and when Hippolyte's troops arrived on the scene there was a bloody battle. Hippolyte, fearing that he would be shot down by some of the rebels if he appeared on the street, remained in the church all day guarded by soldiers.

He called out the reserve militia and the rebels were soon routed. The leader of the rebels, the former cabinet minister, whose name the officers of the vessel did not learn, was captured and shot at once. By night of Thursday forty of the rebels had been captured and put to death. Others were captured and shot on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Every man suspected of being in sympathy with the insurgents was put to death without trial as soon as captured. Most of the 200 prisoners released from jail by the insurgents were recaptured and shot.

Cause of the Revolt.

The outbreak seemed to have been precipitated by the killing of Ernest Rigaud, the largest merchant at Port-au-Prince, by order of President Hippolyte.

Rigaud, who alleged that he was a French subject, had been in Paris some time, and had only recently returned to Hayti. Ex-President Legitime is in Paris, and is supposed to be in secret communication with his sympathizers in Hayti. Rigaud was suspected of being in sympathy with the Legitime party and of aiding them. It was believed that he had brought from Paris a cargo of arms for the rebels.

On Thursday morning, May 28, President Hippolyte went to the house of Rigaud, followed by a detachment of soldiers. The soldiers remained outside, while the president entered alone. He asked the merchant if he did not have guns concealed in the house. Rigaud answered that he had no guns in the house.

"Then you have them at your store," said the president.

The merchant replied that he had no guns concealed anywhere, but it is said he insulted Hippolyte and ordered him out of the house.

Putting his hand on Rigaud's shoulder the president said: "Come with me."

Hippolyte's Sentence Executed.

They left the house together and stepped out in front of the waiting soldiers. Without another word to Rigaud Hippolyte stepped aside and gave the order to fire. The soldiers raised their guns and fired a volley into the body of the rich merchant. He fell dead in front of his house.

Hippolyte no doubt thought this would frighten the friends of Legitime, who contemplated an outbreak, but it seems to have roused them to fury, and the attack on the prison and release of the political prisoners followed in a few hours.

On Saturday morning, May 30, a nephew of Ernest Rigaud, who was associated with him in business, called at President Hippolyte's house to ask about the killing of his uncle. The young man did not know that his uncle was shot by order of the president. He believed it was done by the soldiers without orders, and he intended to demand an investigation. As soon as he addressed the president and stated the object of his visit Hippolyte ordered him shot. He was at once dragged into the street by the soldiers and shot dead.

Hippolyte Alarmed.

The outbreak caused great excitement in Port-an-Prince, and thoroughly alarmed Hippolyte and his government. The full military reserve force was called out, the custom house and all public buildings were closed, and no one was allowed to leave the city without a passport from the government.

Several citizens who wanted to take passage on the Oranje Nassau were arrested by the soldiers, taken before the general of the army, who refused to allow them to depart when he found they had no passports. Two German merchants were the only persons who secured passports, and who were allowed to leave by the steamship.

Day and night the troops of Hippolyte patroled the streets searching for persons suspected of sympathizing with the insurgent party. Business was practically suspended. The bodies of the rebels shot were left lying in the streets for several hours as a warning to their friends. The officers of some of the German vessels in port went on shore to look at the dead bodies.

A Peace Festival Interrupted.

On Monday a grand festival of peace was ordered by Hippolyte. Two Haytian men-of-war were in port, and they were profusely decorated. The festival was to celebrate the fact that the rebels had been defeated and peace established, but the festivities were probably rudely interrupted. At 11:30 a. m. the officers and men on the steamship heard the roar of guns in the town again. The firing was prolonged, and soldiers could be seen running to and fro on the streets.

The vessel left the port at 12 o'clock noon without learning the cause of the firing. It was probable, they thought, that an outbreak had occurred.

A Sepoy Deserter Executed.

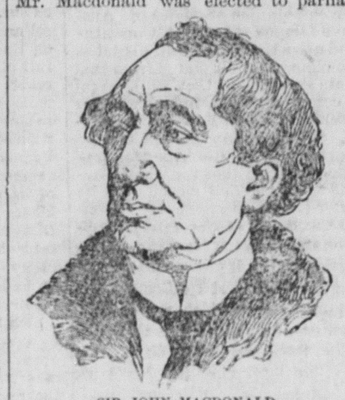
Calcutta, June 9.—A dispatch received here from Manipur states that the Sepoy who deserted from one of the native regiments in the British service and who was one of the leaders in the recent revolt against British authority, being prominent among the natives who massacred Chief Commissioner James W. Quinton and the members of his party, was hanged yesterday. The execution took place in the public square in the village of Manipur.

CANADA'S PREMIER DEAD.

John A. Macdonald Succumbs After a Week of Paralysis.

Ottawa, June 6.—After a week of utter prostration, paralyzed from overwork, worry and the waning vigor of age, Sir John Alexander Macdonald, premier of Canada, died at Earncliffe, his magnificent home, shortly before 10:30 o'clock to-night.

John Alexander Macdonald was born in Glasgow on Jan. 11, 1815. In 1820 the family crossed the Atlantic and settled in Kingston, Ont. The boy began the study of law when 16 years old, and was admitted to the bar in 1835. In 1844 Mr. Macdonald was elected to parliament. He subsequently held several cabinet positions, succeeded Sir Allan McNab as premier in 1856, remained at the head of the government until 1862, was a leader of the opposition for two years, and in 1864 went back into the cabinet as attorney general.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD

He was the prime mover in bringing about colonial union in 1867, was created Knight Commander of the Bath, and became the first premier of the new dominion. In 1873, when it was shown that the governmental party had accepted $200,000 from Sir Hugh Allan, president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, for the purpose of carrying elections, Sir John resigned. But he was quickly returned to parliament, and 1878 again became premier, holding the position until his death.

It Went Through on Its Merits.

Washington, June 9.—Referring to the published statement that during the time he was United States Senator President Harrison exercised his influence to have the pension allowed which was the other day granted to Mrs. Elizabeth L. S. Harrison, his brother's widow, Pension Commissioner Raum said: "An examination of the papers in the case and inquiry among those who have had charge of it for years fail to disclose any intercession whatever by General, Senator or President Harrison, or by any one representing him. The case went through on its merits."

Born Without Eyes.

New York, June 6.—A remarkable case, almost unique in medical annals, will be brought before the society of the eye and ear infirmary Monday evening. It is that of a child born without eyes. The child is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Zucker, of 228 Stanton street. When born two weeks ago last Sunday the nurse and father were astonished at the discovery that the infant was sightless. Where the eyes should be there are only two sunken hollows. The eyelids are closed as tightly as though glued together. In all other respects the child is properly developed.

The Behring Sea Bill Passed.

London, June 9.—In the house of lords Lord Salisbury, in moving a second reading of the bill relating to Behring sea, made sympathetic reference to the death of Sir John Macdonald. He said the bill was to enable England to be free to act on the subject of arbitration and provided for giving compensation where there should be any real loss through England's action. The government did not admit liability for the whole compensation. He believed Russia to be favorable to arbitration. The bill was read a second and third time and passed.

Gen. Butler Wins.

Boston, June 9.—United States District Judge Nelson gave his decision upon the application of Gen. B. F. Butler for the release of Mrs. Johnson upon a writ of habeas corpus, and after a long opinion ordered the discharge of the prisoner. It was in the case of Mrs. Johnson, who was under the accusation of perjury under peculiar circumstances, that Gen. Butler lately attempted to appear before United States Judge Carpenter, who created a sensation by refusing to allow the distinguished counselor to address him.

An Earthquake in Italy.

Rome, June 8.—Further particulars of the earthquake show that it was felt throughout all north Italy. At Verona the shocks were three in number and very strong. The people were terror stricken. Three persons were killed at Marcenigo and seventeen badly injured at Sadiacolovera.

Mr. Bartine Dead.

Asbury Park, June 8.—Richard S. Bartine, the Asbury Park lawyer who had been suffering since Tuesday from hydrophobia caused cy the bite of a cat last September, died at his home in Loch Arbour. He was unconscious for eleven hours before his death.

Mrs. Young Is Free.

West Chester, Pa., June 6.—The habeas corpus proceedings in the case of Mrs. Blanche Young, charged with poisoning her husband was heard yesterday. The judge discharged the woman on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to hold her.

Duncan Committed for Trial.

London, June 6.—R. C. Duncan, of Washington, who is charged with attempting to murder his wife near Bettys-y-Coed, North Wales, was arraigned for a hearing yesterday, and was committed for trial.

Capt. McChester Dead.

Detroit, June 8.—Capt. George McChester, one of the best known newspaper men of Michigan, died here yesterday, aged 52 years. He was connected with The Detroit Free Press for many years.

Gen. Schofield to Wed.

Keokuk, Ia., June 6.—Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield, commanding the United States army, is to marry Miss Georgie Wells Kilburne, of this city, on June 18.

FARMERS' SUPPLIES AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

SHARES reduced from 40 to 30 cents.—All other repairs reduced accordingly.

Roland CHILLED PLOWS are the best bevel landside plow ion earth; prices reduced.

POTATO PLANTER.

The Aspenwall is the most complete potato planter ever made. Farmers who have them plant their own crops and realize from $25.00 to $30.00 per year from their neighbors, who willingly pay $1.00 per acre for the use of an Aspenwall planter.

HARROWS—*The Farmer's Friend Horse Shoe Luck Spring Tooth Harrow* seventeen teeth, one side of which can be used as a single cultivator.

THE HENCH AND STEEL KING SPRING TOOTH HARROW.

Allen's Celebrated Cultivators, Garden Tools and Seed Drills, which were practically exhibited at the Granger's Picnic.

CORN PLANTERS AND CORN SHELLERS, — latest improved. —

) — HAY RAKES AND HAY TEDDERS, —(at cut prices. Farmers who harvest fifteen or more tons of hay cannot afford to do without one of our Hay Tedders, which are built with a fork outside of each wheel, the same tedder can be operated by one or two horses.

CONKLIN WAGONS, CHAMPION WAGONS, are superior in neat build, fine finish and durability.

BUGGIES, NOBBY ROAD CARTS, PHAETONS, AND PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS.

Churns—"The Boss," Best Wood, Oval and Union Churns. Our sale of churns is constantly increasing.

WHEELBARROWS.

Our steel and wood wheelbarrows are adapted to all kinds of work of which we have a large assortment at very low prices.

A large stock of

FARM AND GARDEN SEEDS,

FLOWER POTS AND URNS.

[—] FERTILIZERS, [—]

Agricultural Salt, our Champion Twenty-five Dollar, Phosphate; Lister's best make; Buffalo Honest Phosphate for use on barley, corn, potatoes and wheat, as well as Mapes Potato Fertilizer, all of which have the highest reputation for producing an honest return for the money invested.

Our large trade justifies us in buying our supplies in large quantities, hence we buy at the lowest prices, which enables us to sell at the lowest prices; therefore, it will be to the interest of every farmer in Central Pennsylvania to examine our stock before purchasing.

We take great pleasure in entertaining farmers. It does not cost anything to examine the articles we have on exhibition

McCALMONT & CO.,

Hale Building, Bellefonte, Pa.

Wm. Shortlidge, Robt. McCalmont, } *Business Managers.*

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To The Farmers of Centre County.

I wish to say I will again be among you offering the following farm implements. The Deering Binder and Mowers, the Albright spring tooth cultivator with double row corn planter and also his sixteen and eighteen spring tooth harrows, the Bissell chilled plows, Hauck and Comstock hay rakes, Bullard hay tedder with one fork outside of each wheel, Superior grain drill with or without fertilizer attachment, the Champion hand cloverseed sower it will save its cost in seed in one season, Buckeye Force pump, Empire steam engine and Thresher, Allentown phosphates, Eclipse steel wagons from a one horse to a heavy lumber wagon. I would say to those who think of buying a new wagon to come to my place at Centre Hill and see the Eclipse steel sample wagon before you buy a wagon, it cant help but please you. The Columbia Steel wagon Co. offer a challenge of $1000 in their printed circulars to any maker of a line of farm wagons with as many good points as the Eclipse steel wagons, all the wood you will find on the wagon is the bed, wheels, tongue coupling pole and lock bar. Thanking the farmers for their kindness and patronage in the past and trusting they will this coming season give me a part of it as usual.

M BURKHOLDER,
Centre Hill, Pa

AGENTS wanted to canvass for the sale of our *Home Grown* nursery stock. Our nursery is one of the largest, oldest established and best known in the country. We have all the new and valuable varieties of fruit and ornamental stock. Special and the most liberal terms to reliable men. Unequalled facilities. For terms, address, W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.
GENEVA NURSERY, *Established 1846.*
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A special lot of good quality and good styles Dress Gingham at 7½ cents per yard.

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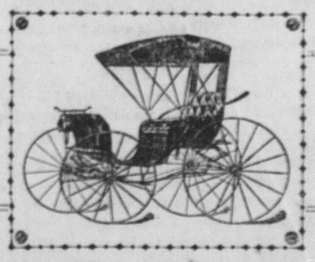
Ask your Dealer for it. Insist on Having it.



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Soldier's Disabled Since the War are Entitled

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted address James Tanner, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D.C.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

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MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $75 to $150 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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PENNSYLVANIA NEWS

Items of Real Interest Presented in Condensed Form.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS DO AND SAY

A Chapter of Accidents, Crimes and Local Happenings Picked Up Here and There in the State and Flashed Over the Busy Wires.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., June 8.—All the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company's employes in this section have received orders to resume work this morning at 9 hours per day.

YORK, Pa., June 8.—The widow of F. M. Holiday, killed last fall by the collision of freight trains at Miller's station, on the Western Maryland railroad, has received from the company $5,000 and expenses in settlement of her suit.

MECHANICSBURG, Pa., June 8.—In a special election held the taxpayers of the borough voted on the question of increasing the borough debt for street improvements. Out of a total vote of 619 only 30 were against the increase.

CHESTER, Pa., June 8.—John Wesley White, a colored man, was knocked senseless by a freight train. "I wasn't saying nuffin to nobody," he explained to a policeman when he came to, "when a man hit me in the head with a brickback."

HARRISBURG, June 8.—The Delaware and Schuylkill River Steamboat company, of Philadelphia, was chartered by the state department; capital stock, $5,000. The directors are George May, F. Trainer, R. F. Randolph, Joseph E. Bowker and B. W. Robinson.

EASTON, Pa., June 6.—An unknown man leaped into the Delaware canal three miles below Easton and disappeared in the swift water. He wore a Mackinaw hat, which was recovered. On the inside were the initials "H. R. B." The body has not yet been recovered.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 8.—The commissioners of Lehigh county have several times notified Hugh Sweeny, for fifteen years the proprietor of a peanut stand in front of the Allentown court house, to vacate, but he has thus far failed to move, and to-day he was "evicted" by the sheriff.

SHOEMAKERSVILLE, Pa., June 6.—The wheat fields in the northern section of Berks county are affected by blight. In fields of late seeding the Hessian fly is doing considerable damage. In some localities at least one-fourth of the wheat is already down from the ravages of this pest.

PALMYRA, Pa., June 8.—Three young men attempted to board a moving freight train on the Philadelphia and Beading railroad at this place. Two got on safely, but the third, Morris Lifter, of Harrisburg, fell under the wheels. His hand was mashed and skull fractured.

PITTSBURG, June 8.—Robert Gray, superintendent of Leisenring No. 3 coke works, was acquitted of the charge of killing John Mohu, a slav, who was shot during the late coke region troubles. Gray swore that he had no revolver or gun on the day of the trouble. The jury was out but a few minutes.

LITITZ, Pa., June 8.—A dog with a bumble-bees' nest in the shaggy hair about his neck was what Linn Shelly found in his possession when he tried to clip his big Newfoundland pet. A number of cells were found containing wax and several bumble-bees were discovered protecting their home on the neck.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., June 6. — The trustes of the state hospital for the insane met, and after ascertaining the overcrowded condition of the institution—936 male patients and 929 females—resolved to apply to the lunacy commission of the state board of public charities for relief in their dilemma.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 8.—The committee on contests in the contest over the president judgeship reconvened, and Judge Livingston's counsel presented the testimony in his behalf. Brubaker's affidavits of fraud gave that a majority of fifteen, but counter-affidavits were presented which, when summarized, elect Livingston by a majority of 59.

PITTSBURG, June 6. — The supreme court refused to grant the application for a new trial in the case of Andrew Todt, George Rusnack and Michael Sabol, the Hungarians charged with murder during a riot at the Edgar Thomson Steel works last New Year's day, at which time Foreman Michael Quinn was murdered. The attorneys in the case will now endeavor to have the sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—A thieving servant made a rich haul at the residence of James Thomas, 1222 South Fourth street. The property stolen was $1,500 and a box of jewelry, and the thief, a colored girl known as Ellen Johnson, made her escape. She has not yet been captured. The stolen money was from the proceeds of the sale of a house in Camden two years ago, and was in packages of twelve $100 notes, and the balance of a smaller denomination.

READING, Pa., June 8.—The committee on railways presented a report to councils recommending that the City Passenger Railway company be permitted to use electricity in the propulsion of its cars. The company have tracks on almost every street in the city. An ordinance has been introduced to authorize the change from horses to the trolley system. The Reading and Southwestern Street Railway company, recently incorporated, will use the trolley system, having already been granted that privilege by councils.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 8.—The Lynnport Slate company, the new concern to operate the Lutz slate quarry, which was recently sold by the sheriff, was organized by the election of Dr. W. P. Kistler, William F. Yeager, C. A. Gernerd, W. L. Blackman and T. G. Frankenfield as directors; Dr. Kistler, president; Mr. Blackman, secretary, and Thomas E. Ritter, treasurer. The capital stock, $100,000, has been taken. The quarry will be put in operation at once and a large number of men employed.

PITTSBURG, June 6.—The dwelling of Samuel P. Myers, a prominent farmer of Summit township, near Meyersdale, Pa., was burned to the ground and two children, Clara and Missouri, aged 9 and 12 years respectively, roasted alive. The fire spread so rapidly that the nine other occupants barely escaped in their night clothes. Three men and one woman were compelled to jump from a second story window. Mr. Myers was badly burned, but will recover. It is not known how the fire originated.

ROYALTY ATTACKED.

Sir Edward Clarke's Speech in the Baccarat Scandal.

A BOLD ENGLISHMAN'S ATTITUDE.

He Declares That Sir William Can Not Be Obliged to Leave the Army While the Prince of Wales Is Allowed to Remain—Good Advice for the Future Ruler.

LONDON, June 3.—The interest in the baccarat scandal case was enhanced yesterday by the presence in the witness box of his royal highness the Prince of Wales. The prince testified that he had observed nothing suspicious in Sir William Gordon Cummings' play at Tranby Croft, but in reply to a juryman he said that witnesses were so unanimous in asserting that Sir William had cheated that he could not help believing the charge.

Arthur Stanley Wilson, son of the millionnaire owner of Tranby Croft, was examined at length Wednesday in the baccarat scandal case. He described in detail the manner of Sir William's play, asserting that when the latter won he would surreptitiously let additional counters drop on his pile, receiving payment therefor from the Prince of Wales, who was the banker.

A sensation was created on Thursday in the cross examinatiou of yonng Arthur Stanley Wilson, when it was developed that the counters used in the baccarat game at Tranby Croft were brought there by the Prince of Wales, being the private set he carried with him from place to place. Mr. Berkeley Levett gave evidence substantiating the story of young Wilson.

On Friday Mrs. Wilson, the hostess at Tranby Croft was the first witness. She also observed the cheating and told how it was done. When asked why she had not told the prince that her husband ob-

SIR WILLIAM GORDON CUMMING.

jected to baccarat she said: "I did not do so because we were such a staid, non-gambling party that I did not think much harm could come from the little play indulged in." Lord Coventry also testified as to Sir William's unfair play,

Methodists Rebuke His Highness.

The Methodists of South Wales, in session at Cardiff, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That this meeting learns with regret from the proceedings in the high court of justice that the Prince of Wales took part in a game of baccarat at Tranby Croft on Sept. 8, 1890, and thus gave countenance to gambling in one of its most insidious and ruinous forms, the force of his example thus encouraging vice among the people. We respectfully submit to his royal highness that by his conduct he offends the religious sense of the people and drags the royal house from the high position in which it stood, and tends to lessen the loving and devoted affection to the throne which has been ever cherished by us.

Sir Edward Clarke's Rebuke.

LONDON, June 9.—In the baccarat case Sir Charles Russell concluded his address by urging the jury to find a verdict upon what he termed the conclusive evidence of five witnesses who had passed unscathed through a searching cross examination.

Sir Edward Clarke arose immediately upon the conclusion of Sir Charles Russell's address. Sir Edward said that it had been the common talk of London that the continual presence in the court room of the heir apparent to the throne was for the purpose of restraining the tongues of counsel in commenting upon his prominent connection with the case. He (Sir Edward) had a painful duty to perform. It was, however, a duty, and would therefore be discharged. He was by his obligations to the cause of justice and the interests of his client, the plaintiff in this case, compelled to comment upon the conduct and the evidence of the gentleman who stood highest in the land.

The Prince Should Go Too.

"My learned friend, Sir Charles Russell, has suggested that Sir Gordon Cumming would be obliged to leave the army if it were proven that he cheated at cards. I take this, the first opportunity of replying to that observation by saying it would be impossible that any one should be able to remove the name of Cumming from the army list while the names of Field Marshal the Prince of Wales, and Gen. Owen Williams were allowed to remain.

"Without suggesting that the party there assembled were guilty of over indulgence, I still maintain that the actual condition of vinous exhilaration was not favorable to keen and cool observation and deliberate judgment."

Although Sir Edwin, in thus intimating that too much champagne had been drunk, was only saying what the public has all along been thinking, and thus voiced the general opinion, he is the first official personage who has had the courage to say it. That he should have dared to do so is another of the surprises which the trial has furnished.

Sir Edwin then brought a most effective address to a close by referring to the precis signed by the plaintiff. It had been signed to save the Prince of Wales from the breath of scandal. There were cases in history when scandalous and dishonoring deeds had been done by men of character, who paid their honor as freely as they had laid down their lives to serve a dynasty or save the honor of a prince.

Perhaps in no English court has there been seen such scenes of wild excitement as were witnessed during certain periods of the solicitor general's oration, and when he sat down the audience could restrain itself no longer and indulged in the loudest applause, which was quickly suppressed by the court officers.

Sir Edward's speech caused a tremendous sensation. During the delivery of the address the prince showed extreme nervousness.

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Spring and Summer Goods at our always reliable store. Complete in all departments. Latest Styles. Lowest Prices. Cordial invitation to everybody.

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall, - - Penna.

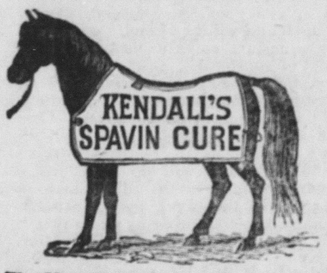
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, Co.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

NEW MUSIC BOOK.

On the first day of May we shall place on the market
Professor CHARLES F. ESCHER'S NEW BOOK, entitled
OUR HEART'S DELIGHT; or, Sweet Melodies of the Past and Present.

being a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work will contain the best and most popular selections of the renowned authors of this and foreign countries. **32 full-page lithograph portraits of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers.** Nearly 400 pages. **Size 10 x 12 inches.** Durably bound in cloth, stamped with appropriate design. This work is especially intended for musicians who desire **a variety of choice pieces.** Contains plenty for the beginner, and a good supply for the inexperienced. **Over 1000 advance orders already received. AGENTS WANTED in every town to** to begin May first. We guarantee satisfaction, and refer you to Dun's or Bradstreet's agencies for our responsibility. **Goods on 30 days' credit.** For special terms, etc., address

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHANS court of Centre county. In the matter of the estate of John Peters, dec'd., late of Potter township. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the orphans court of Centre county, to hear and determine the exceptions filed to the account of M. L. Rishel, administrator of &c of said decedent, and to restate said account and to make distribution due estate to those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 9th day of June, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. Parties interested will please attend.
JOHN KLINE,
Auditor.

AUDITORS NOTICE—ESTATE OF JONAthan Spangler, dec'd. The Auditor appointed to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of D. M. Hockey, executor, and restate the same, and make distribution to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend the duties of his appointment at his office, at Bellefonte, on Tuesday, June 11th, when and where all parties interested can attend, if they see proper, or be forever debarred from claiming again against said estate. D. F. FORTNEY,
Auditor.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 24, 1891.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Willkesbarre, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 5.55 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.30 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. (Daily except Sunday.) For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.50 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m.

7.45 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

2.05 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday.) For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.15 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, Wilkesbarre, 7.05 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10 23.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 11.17 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 2.05 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.30 p m, Baltimore 4.32 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.15 p m.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5 36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 15	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 50	4 55
2 25	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	2 00	4 45
2 35		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 49		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32
2 50		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22
3 05		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 14		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 48		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
4 00		7 53	Coburn	7 30		3 18
4 08		8 01	Zerby	7 21		3 10
4 17		8 10	Rising Spring	7 12		3 02
4 25		8 18	Penn Cave	7 05		2 54
4 30		8 24	Centre Hall	6 58		2 47
4 37		8 32	Gregg	6 51		2 40
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 43		2 32
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 38		2 27
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 34		2 23
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 29		2 18
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 19		2 08
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 14		2 04
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 10		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.15 and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 1.35 p m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 7 45 p m

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager.
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M. FAUBLE,

Proprietor, - - Bellefonte.

"INTO THIS FLOUR I PUT COLOGNE."

Into this flour I put cologne
For flavoring—don't tell!
Then took a buttonhook—my own—
And mixed it very well.
I slipped it in the kitchen range,
And cook, she never saw;
But what to me seemed very strange,
The dough, when baked, was raw!

My dolly seemed to think it fine
And so I gave her some
With an egg cup full of lovely wine—
My papa's best bay rum.
The supper table, after all,
I think, looked very well;
And now I've told you 'bout the ball—
But don't you ever tell!

BILLY AND TIM.

BY SARA MOORLAND.

Billy and Tim were two very funny-looking, ragged little boys of about six years old, who for several weeks during one very cold winter used to be seen running about the streets of a large town. Many people noticed them, but nobody knew where they came from, or how they lived. They were always together, and very much alike: exactly the same height, with very thick, black, curly hair. Every morning they might be seen sitting with their backs against an iron grating, through which the hot steam from some kitchens belonging to a large hotel was constantly rising; this kept them tolerably warm. As soon as the trams and omnibuses began to run they jumped up and tumbled head over heels in the oddest way imaginable. People used to be very much amused at their funny antics, and tossed them halfpence, so they were very seldom a whole day with out being able to buy either a bun or a hot potato. After dark they left the busy streets and went into quieter and more out-of-the-way places to find somewhere to sleep. They neither of them remembered ever having been in a bed at all. They managed somehow to look after themselves very successfully, and nobody ever caught them stealing; but they were terribly afraid of policemen. They thought it not unlikely that if one got hold of them they might be taken to the workhouse; and, little as they were, they had a dread of that.

One bitterly cold night they had been most unfortunate in finding a suitable sleeping-place. They had been watched by two policemen, who had gruffly told them to get home, and they were not a little disturbed, for they had no home to go to. They wandered along until they reached a part of the town they knew nothing about; they stopped in front of a large church in which a service was being held.

"Let's peep inside, Billy," said Tim; so in they both went.

There were not many people there, and it was a very large place; but the singing sounded very beautiful to these two little strays, and it was very warm and bright.

A happy thought struck them both at once; the people would soon all go home; they could easily creep in and hide under one of the seats and stay there all night; they could easily find a way out in the morning. An old man was sitting at the back of the church not far from where they had entered, but his head was nodding from side to side, and he was evidently dozing. He took no notice of the ragged little fellows, so they walked courageously past into a large old-fashioned pew, cushioned with crimson cloth, and pulled the door after them. Then lying down flat under the seat, they waited quite still; and as they had expected, the people soon went away. The heard the sleepy old man walk along the aisles and put out the lights; then he locked the doors, and Billy and Tim were alone. In all their lives they had never been so comfortable, and as soon as they were quite sure nobody could hear them they burst into a fit of merry laughter, which rang and echoed strangely through the big empty church.

"Let's pull them cushions on the ground; they'll be real soft," said Tim.

Soon they had settled themselves on the warm cushions and were fast asleep; and never woke until daylight.

"Somebody ll soon be coming to open the doors, Tim; let's hide nearer the front so as to be ready." But nobody came to let them out. Hour after hour passed; they were hungry and getting very anxious. Breakfast had to be earned before it could be eaten; was there no way out? They walked round and round, but, it was true enough, they were safely locked in.

"We've got into prison, Tim."

"Something like it, Billy."

"S'pose we never gets out to-day Tim?"

"Then we shall have to stay in till another day, Billy."

They amused themselves as best they could, but it was a very long, long day; nobody came near, until late in the afternoon they suddenly heard a noise, then a key turned in a lock. Instantly they crouched in a big pew; but Tim peeped over the top to see if there were any chance of escape. It was nearly dark; the organist was going to practise. There was no service that evening; so he lighted the gas close by the organ and in the passage behind, but the rest of the church was in darkness.

"We'll try now, Billy."

So they ran along the aisle and out into the passage to the door, but they found it fastened, and the key still in the lock. Not to be easily beaten, they attempted to turn it, but their hands were too small and very cold. There were a great many passages and a great many doors leading into vestries, but clearly there was no other way out. The man who was playing would have to go some time, and they must be on the look-out. Two long hours passed. O, how tired and hungry they both were! Just as they were losing heart altogether the organist stopped playing.

"Now we must manage it somehow, Billy."

They hid behind one of the many doors and listened to his footsteps, their hearts beating fast. He unlocked the door and opened it very wide, standing straight before it. He put on his heavy top-coat, and drew on his warm fur-lined gloves.

"Now, Billy!"

"Now, Tim!"

Right past him bolted the two little ragamuffins, and scampered out and around the corner before the astonished man could quite make out what had happened. They never once looked behind until they were right in the busy crowded street they knew so well. How glad they were to see it again! When once they felt safe and free they looked into each other's faces, and laughed long and merrily in spite of their hunger.

Now what was to be done? A penny must be got somehow; but it was too late to attract anybody's attention by tumbling head over heels, and the crowd was too great.

"I'm afraid we shan't get any supper Billy."

"Seems not, Tim."

"Well, let's go and *smell* at the buns in the shops." So off they ran, stopping at the windows of the bakers' and confectioners' shops.

A lady passed out of one as they were standing looking wistfully at the newly-baked buns, and she overheard this conversation:

"If we had twenty pennies to spend all at once, what would you have, Billy?"

"I'd have two of them four of them, and one of everything else, perhaps that would buy the lot."

"They do smell good, Billy. I wish we had twenty pennies, or even one would do for now."

"Haven't you got a penny, little boy?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am," said Tim, promptly turning head over heels.

"Poor little object!" said the lady to herself.

"If I give you each a penny, what will you buy?"

"One of them big buns! and I shall have half and Billy half, and we'll keep the other penny for to-morrow to buy another bun with, and I shall have half and Billy half."

"Here is a penny for you, and here is one for Billy; now both go in and buy your buns, and come back and show me."

Very quickly did the children obey her, though they thought it improvident to spend two pennies at once.

"They seem very nice buns," said the lady; "here are two pennies for to-morrow. Good-night; run home now."

Then the lady quickly left them, for it was getting late, but she heard their merry laugh, and she felt very glad she had brought gladness for a time, at least, to the two wretched-looking little lads.

The next business was to find a shelter for the night.

"We won't try the church again, Tim."

"Not if we knows it, Billy!"

It was fearfully cold, but they trotted along, and were even happier than usual, athough their feet and legs were nearly bare, and they had no caps on their heads. They were some time before they could decide on a place, and after a rather long walk they came to a good-sized house they had never before seen. On one side a yard-gate stood just a little way open. This looked promising; there was no one about the place. They pushed the gate a little way and peeped. Just inside was a large empty barrel lying on the ground.

"This'll do prime!" said Tim.

"Let's get in," said Billy.

So in they got, and hugged each other close, with their pennies for to-morrow in their hands, and were soon fast asleep, in spite of the intense cold.

In the middle of the night the snow began to fall in thick flakes, and the wind blew terribly. All night long it continued, and when people looked out in the morning everything was completely covered, and in some places the snow drifted many feet high. The barrel was quite hidden; a huge block of snow right in front closed the little sleepers quite in. The yard had to be cleared, so workmen came with spades and shovels, and worked away busily.

"We'd better get this barrel out of the way, John," said one man to another.

"Yes; pity it was left out all night."

"Come here, John; look at this," said the first speaker.

There were the two homeless ones still asleep, never more to waken, never to feel hungry and cold and weary. They had looked for a night's shelter for the last time.

"Better tell the missis, John,"

John's missis, was the very lady who had given them the pennies the night before. There they were clasped in the stiff, cold little fingers. They did'nt need to-morrow's pennies now.

And Algernon Gave In.

"My dear, I can't afford to give it to you. We must save our money," said Algernon.

"I don't see why," said Penelope. "A much wiser man than you once said: 'Do not lose the present in vain perplexities about the future.'"

Four different mountain peaks in Idaho are from 13 to 23 feet lower, by actual measurement, than they were 15 years ago, and it is believed that this settling is going on with many others. The idea is that quicksands have undermined them.

THE AFRICAN IN AFRICA.

He Is Not Always a Barbarian, but Is Often Semi-Civilized.

"Many people," says Dr. T. H. Eddy, "think the African in Africa is a barbarian, but while some of them are, the majority of them are far from being so. Stanley in his travels visited the very worst classes on the Congo. They are no criterions of the Mohammedan negroes, but quite the contrary. Africa contains 130 million negro inhabitants outside of the Moors and people of Arabic descent. When I say negroes I mean natives with woolly hair. Woolly hair is characteristic of the negro, but the flat nose and thick lips are only peculiar to them. One of the finest nations of Africa is the Foulah, which number about 30 million souls and live back of Senegambia, occupying a country 1,000 miles north to south and 1,500 east to west. These people are all Mohammedans and write their own language in Arabic characters, also speaking, reading and writing Arabic. They are black, with woolly hair, but have thin, prominent noses and very thin lips. No traveler has ever been in their country since 1780, and what I know of them I have learned from Foulahs whom I have met on the coast. They make their own guns and gunpowder and as fine leather work as I ever saw. I have known English officers to pay as high as $90 for a pair of boots made by them, and they were very beautiful, being buttoned up above the knee with silver buttons. In their cities they build houses two and three stories high of adobe and frame. They are governed by a sultan and each man is entitled to four wives. Their costumes are similar to the Turks. Within their nation they have large cities, but as they will not allow strangers within the borders all that can be learned of them is from such members of the country as make visits to the coast and elsewhere. On one occasion a French army of 700 French and 2,500 mixed soldiers with officers attempted to invade the Foulah country and got 147 miles. Only seventeen succeeded in getting back.

"These people make pilgrimages to Mecca, a distance of 6,800 miles, to pay their respects to the great shrine of the Mohammedans.

"The most beautiful race of negroes are the Jaloff, from which the beautiful negroes of Louisiana were brought.

"In Africa polygamy is the rule, and the proportion of females born is two and one-half to one of males. I knew one African—Ben Manna, king of the Eastern Veys—who had 238 wives, 584 children and 1,860 slaves, and everyone of his children resembled him to such an extent that you could not fail to recognize them after once seeing the father.

"The white man cannot exist in Africa. He will not multiply, and degenerates under the climate. Again, the country is so densely populated that there is no room for immigration, yet the soil is so fertile that it can accommodate far more people than America. The natives are too powerful to be conquered, and even were this done the result would not be worth the effort.

"The Congo country is not comparatively a new country, nor is there much trade there. The Niger Valley, however, which is the best in Africa, is 2,600 miles long, very rich, and has a trade amounting to 40 million dollars a year.

"Liberia is a terrible country. Sierra Leone is known as the White Man's Grave, and Cape Palmas as the country where white women weep. No beasts of burden can live there, not even a mule. All die of malaria. The English army lost 1,600 men there in three months. And while natives thrive and multiply, while everything produces two crops a year, and hens lay two eggs a day foreigners die and children are never born to them.

Beauty as a Means of Health.

Before one of the New York working girls's clubs, Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson recently gave an address upon this subject, reversing in more ways than one the usual order of copybook aphorism. While acknowledging the impossibility of any protracted happiness without virtue, and the maintainance of beauty's fine edge with our goodness, the doctor affirmed that systematic efforts to be beautiful will insure a fair degree of health, and that happiness is the best safeguard against vice. The difference in appearance between one woman and another, it was stated, is more than anything else an affair of style—that beauty of beauties so hard to define and so easy to recognize, which makes the girl of no-colored hair, features of indifferent turn, and lines none too perfect, infinitely more attractive than other maids of faultless curves and innumerable strong points not cemented by magic quality. Style may be defined, for want of something better to express it, as an attractive manner of holding the body, a firm, graceful way of doing things and of moving about. It is the visible sign of inherent power and reserve force. It is the outcome of long, deep breaths and the use of many muscles. The prayer of the New York child, "Lord, make us very stylish," when viewed aright, is recognized as an aspiration based upon sound scientific principles and worthy of universal commendation.

Proper breathing is the first art to cultivate in the pursuit of beauty. The lungs have their own muscular power, and this should be exercised. The chest must be enlarged by full, deep breathing, and not by muscular action from without. Inflate the lungs upward and outward, as if the inflation were about to lift the body off the ground. Hold the shouders on a line with the hips, and stand so that the lips, chin, chest, and toes come upon one line, the feet being turned out at an angle of about sixty degrees. It is wrong to make the bony structure do most of the work in keeping the body upright. The muscles should hold it in position. In walking keep face and chest well over the advanced foot, and cultivate a free, firm, easy gait, without hard or jarring movements. It is impossible to stand or breathe aright if the feet are pinched. When correct posture and breathing are interfered with, the circulation is impeded, and deleterious substances in the blood tend to make the complexion bad. This is one of the many evils of tight shoes. To be well shod has a marked influence on style. The feet symbolize the body in their way as much as the hands. A clever shoemaker says that in a well-fitting shoe the human foot feels like a duck's foot in the mud. It is held firmly in place, but nowhere compressed. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity and hygienic wickedness of a shoe that is manifestly too tight. For misery-producing power, hygienically as well as spiritually speaking, perhaps tight boots are without a rival. Next to the search for style pure and simple as a means of health, the care of the complexion and the cultivation of the right kind of expression are of great importance. The first is largely a matter of bathing and the general hygiene of the skin, while the second—a good expression—is best secured by the constant preference of higher thoughts over lower ones. This is the essence of intellectual living, and is fortunately within reach of us all.

Beauty that is lasting and really worth while is more or less dependent upon a good circulation; while a good circulation is made possible by correct pose, proper breathing, and the judicious care of the skin; something else is also necessary to insure the normal quality and activity of the blood. And this something consists in a combination of sunshine and exercise in the open air. Town dwellers have too little of these blessings, partly from circumstances and partly from lack of wit. Exercise is the most important tonic of the body. Without it there can be no large, compact, muscular frame. It is as essential to physical development as air is to life, and an imperative necessity in the maintenance of beauty. To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength and ability of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable as the daily round of housework, no exercises more beneficial in their results than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in the open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that ever were invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive cheers the spirit. It gives women the courage to go on with living, and makes things seem really worth while.

In a general way the great secrets of beauty, and therefore of health, may be summed up as follows:

Moderation in eating and drinking; short hours of labor and study; regularity in exercise, relaxation and rest; cleanliness; equanimity of temper, and equality of temperature. To be as good looking as possible, and to be physically well, one must in general be happy. And to be happy, it is necessary to carry out ideas of personal taste and preference, as many of them as can be put into definite form without infringing upon the rights of others. Happiness has a distinct æsthetic and hygienic value. In itself it will secure perfect poise and respiration. To be happy is a duty just as style is a duty, and both are in great measure an affair of intellect and management. The old order put the cart before the horse; it said: "Be virtuous and you will be happy," a rule with many exceptions. But the old order changeth. And the modern gospel postulates happiness and material prosperity as the basis of morality. Other times other manners. The ardent pursuit of good looks sums up the best there is in hygiene, and becomes a legitimate and praiseworthy means of health. The world has yet room for two or three truths, of which not the least is the fact that the definite desire for personal beauty—which was in the beginning, and ever shall be—constitutes in itself a perfectly proper and meritorious inspiration to effort, especially in a country where the shades of Puritanism linger as a sad inheritance, and where disinterred Buddhism claims too often the frail neurasthenic for its own.—*Medical Record.*

ALGERIAN WEDDINGS.

Ceremonies of Striking Interest to the Foreigner.

A marriage ceremony in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride, muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom, when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshhold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches amid much laughter. In the evenings on such occasions the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until panting and exhausted they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes slight, the dancers only circling around occasionally. But they swing their bodies with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate before the music; they shake, they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women look on, encourage by their high, piercing, trilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.—Home Journal.

ABOUT PHANTASMS.

POST-MORTEM APPARITONS FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A SCIENTIST.

"Do I believe in ghosts?" said Dr. Elliott Cones, the eminent expert in physical science, to a writer for the Washington Star. "No, I do not believe in ghosts in the popular sense of the term, for the reason that the popular sense has the least foundation, in fact, and is as far as possible from any scientific conception of what is properly designated as a post-mortem apparition. Besides, like Coleridge, I have seen too many ghosts of the popular type to take any stock in them whatever.

"I have reason to know from my own experience and observation that certain post-mortem apparations of persons whose bodies have died do occasionally make themselves perceptible to our senses, apparently by an act of conscious volition on their part and for certain definite purposes of their own. Ecclesiastical history is full of instances of appearance by the dead to the living. Ordinary history includes numberless allegations of such occurrences.

"I do believe in ghosts from the purely scientific point of view. We are not, in fact, single and simple personalities. There is in each of us an inner individuality of which we are seldom, if ever, intellectually aware. I find, as a matter of fact, that this inner individuality, which for convenience, I will call the 'soul,' is very little, if at all affected by the physical condition of its environment on the material plane of existence. For example, it does not appear to be subject to the law of gravitation, which we know to be universal in the physical world. It is not capable of being mechanically affected to its injury or benefit. It does not depend for its being upon the organization of the body which it inhabits. Unlike our normal consciousness, it is not a product or result of the organization of the body. It exists in its own nature, independent of those chemical combinations which form our bodily structure. Nothing forbids the assumption that the soul may have antedated the body which it now inhabits and there is not a priori reason why it may not survive the dissolution of the latter. Should it so continue to exist for even an hour after death, retaining consciousness volition and memory, nothing forbids the assumption that it might manifest itself to us. Whether it ever does or not becomes simply a question of evidence.

"Such evidence is abundant, conclusive and of a kind which by the ordinary laws of human testimony should suffice to establish the fact in any court of law. A very large number of alleged post-mortem apparations have lately been subjected to every possible test and scrutiny, with cross-examination of witnesses, and psychical researches have, in my judgment, authoritatively and finally decided some of these cases to be genuine. Now, as to the nature of the ghost of fact as opposed to the ghost of fancy. Aside from any question of mere subjective hallucinations, which constitute the vast majority of popular ghosts I understand the genuine post-mortem apparation to be the spiritual body of a deceased person, sustaining and conveying his consciousness in the same manner that the physical body sustains and exhibits our mental qualities. For, just as with the physical eye we only see one another's physical bodies, so is the spiritual body only to be discerned by the spiritual sense of a living person. Inasmuch as this spiritual sense is rarely operative in a living person, actual apparations are rare. Hence also the nearly universal denial of their occurrence. For, as I have said, it is but seldom during our life in the body that the senses of the soul come into conscious operation.

"As I conceive it, the spiritual body, soul or ghost—by whichever name you choose to call it—has no material existence whatever in the ordinary sense of the word. That statement raises the whole question of the constitution of matter as distinct from mind. For my own part I think that no absolute distinction is possible. The experiments of such men as Clerk Maxwell, William Crooks and Prof. Tyndall have demonstrated the existance of states of matter designated as 'radiant,' in which none of the ordinary properties matter appear. A bar of iron, you know, seems to us perfectly solid and homogeneous, and yet there is reason to believe that the particles which compose it are as far apart in proportion to their size as are the planets and other heavenly bodies in proportion to their respective magnitude. Our bodily senses take cognizance of no forms of matter except those which are in a certain degree of condensation. But we reasonably infer the existence of more rarified and tenuous states of matter. Of some such tenuous state the spiritual body may reasonably be inferred to consist. Then its apparition to us would become a question not of the existence of such bodies, but of the acuteness of our own perceptive faculties. These faculties, in their normal exercise, are too coarse and blunt; but, under that exaltation of their function, which accompanies that shifting of the threshold of consciousness of which I have spoken, they do become adequate to the perception of such tenuous states of matter, so that apparitions, otherwise called ghosts, are seen.

"The conditions which govern the existence of the ghost or spiritual body are only open to speculative discussion. As I have said, one of these conditions appears to be that the spiritual body is not subject to the law of gravitation. It is unquestionably capable of changing its location by its own volition, though probably not in accordance with our ideas with transfer through space. Likewise to such a being the notion of time is quite different from our own. This gives it a duration of existence which might be compared with our portion of endless existence and so represent eternity. It may very well be that the spiritual body is by no means confined to this planet upon which we live. As I take it, the spiritual body is the soul of ordinary language. The soul consists of body as dense for the conditions of its own environment as our physical bodies are for the conditions surrounding them."

Related to the same interesting subject we find in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, an article by Julian Hawthorne. He says:—"Once admit the possibility of seeing anything outside of the physical plane, and there is no logical halting-place for you thenceforth. For the physical senses are all one; they are modifications or refinements of the sense of touch. If, then, you can see a spirit, what is to prevent you from also touching it, hearing it, tasting and smelling it? Nor does it help much to say that it is your spiritual eye that is opened. The impression of sight on the mind is the same; and if of sight, then of the other senses also. The point is, you perceive something; whether with the physical or the metaphysical class of perceptive faculties may be interesting to philosophers, but the results to you are practically the same.

Three young American artists found themselves together in India the other day, and went to see the performance of an Indian juggler. There is no limit to what these men seem able to do. This juggler's tools were simple. He was all but naked, and he had a strip of carpet. He stood in an open, level place out of doors, surrounded by a crowd of some two hundred people. He spread out his carpet on the ground, made incantations over it, it began to move and act as if something were underneath, and presently out crawled a boy. The juggler now appeared to have a piece of rope in his hand; he coiled and swung it upwards, it caught in empty space and hung dangling down to within a couple of feet of the ground. The boy climbed up the rope, and, at a certain height, disappeared. The juggler called up to him, and a dialogue ensued between him and the invisible boy. The invisible boy became saucy, the juggler angry. At length the juggler climbed the rope with a knife between his teeth and vanished like the boy, leaving nothing but the rope dangling down from the infinite. But, in a moment, down out of the air fell one of the boy's legs, cut off close to the body, then the other leg, the arms, the body, and finally the head. Next re-appeared the murderous juggler, descending hand under hand. He laid the body and the several limbs in position, made more incantations, covered the body with the carpet, the carpet gradually flattened out, and at the same moment the boy, alive and well, appeared pushing his way through the crowd from the outside.

Many have seen, more have heard of this marvel; it is impossible, of course, and yet all the audiences see it. The three American artists went a step further. Two of them made rapid sketches of the performance, at successive stages; the other kept his Kodak camera diligently at work, and took a dozen or more instantaneous negatives. They retired to compare results. Two sketches bad substantially the same results. Then the photographer developed his negatives. They showed the audience, craning their heads forward in attitudes of curiosity, awe and horror, according to the locality of the action. They showed the juggler gesticulating, haranguing, pointing here and there; but they showed no boy, no rope, no knife, no humping up of the carpet, no climbing, no vanishing, no butchered limbs—nothing, in a word, but the naked juggler and a bit of carpet. That was the account the camera gave of the transaction. What, then, are we to say of all the things the audience saw and the two artists sketched? The obvious explanation would be, everybody was hypnotized. But is that explanation final and satisfactory?"

Mr. Hawthorne does not answer his own question, and is not alone in refraining to do so. If any body knows the answer, it is certainly the Hindoo jugglers and as certain that they will never tell.

SERVE GOD AND WHISTLE.

The Secret of Uncle Wallace Always Being Happy.

Old Uncle Winchester Wallace was standing opposite the new custom house one day, whistling an old-time lively melody and watching a goat lick off a freshly pasted illustrated theater poster off the bill board. Col. Colin Alfriend happened along just then, and he paused to listen to the darkey's merry melody, as with a twinkle of delight in the whistler's eyes he watched the goat skinning the poster off the fence with his tongue. Presently Colin approached old Winchester, and, laying his heavy hand upon his shoulder, said to him:

"Old man, I've known you for many years, and I always wondered why it was that you was always in a good humor and whistling. Are you ever worried or bothered about anything? I'd like to know the secret of your happiness.

"Nuffin' don't nebber bodder me, Marse Collin, an' dey ain't no secret 'bout me bein' in er good humor all de time. I jes go on doin' two things."

"Well, what are they?"

"Serve God an' whistle. And I al'ays feels sorry fo' de man dat won't do de one an' can't do de tudder," and the gallant colonel shook hands with him and came on down the street, leaving old Winchester watching the goat and whistling that good old tune, "I'm er Gwan ter Git ter Hebben Bime By."—Louisville Times.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

California will make a great exhibit at the World's Fair. One of the giant trees of Calaveras grove will be cut down in sections and shipped to Chicago. The tree selected is 320 feet in circumference, ten feet from the ground. A section of a tree from Tulare County is being cut down for exhibition. This tree is 106 feet in circumference and a section will be used for a dancing pavilion. From the first tin produced at San Jacinto Mines, California, a tin pail thirty feet high will be constructed to hang in one of the Exposition buildings. The tin smelting works were started on the 3rd of April, and a considerable quantity of ore is treated every day.

The telephone between Paris and London having been so successful it is proposed to connect Brussels and London. For that purpose a cable will be laid between Ostend and Dover.

MAKING MATCHES.

One Machine that Cuts 10,000,000 Sticks a Day.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads, namely: Preparing the splints, dipping the matches, box making and filling. When the timber is brought into the cutting room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks fifteen inches long, the length of seven matches. It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous tool, the thickness of the match is cut off.

As the block revolves and decreases in diameter the knife advances and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met my eight small knives, which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By this one operation seven long ribbons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match, are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed, and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw-chopper which cuts them into single matches. The machine cats 150 bands at the same time and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine with its one sharp knife can cut over 10,000,000 matches a day.

From the cutting room the splints are taken to the dry room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then prepared for the dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient space to be fully coated and yet not placed so close to the others as to cause the mixture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine which seems to work with almost human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely, but at regular intervals, in a dipping frame. These frames contain forty-four movable laths, and between each lath the machine places with clock-work regularity fifty splints, making over 2,000 splints in each frame.

The heads of the splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each machine can place over 1,000,000 splints in the frame per day. The dipping vat is a stove of masonry, which contains three square pans. The first pan is for heating the splints so they will absorb the mixture, the second contains moulten paraffine, in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with the igniting composition. Over 8,000,000 matches can be dipped by a skilful workman in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the frames and are then taken to the packing room, where they are put into boxes by hand.

WASTED EAGERNESS.

"You see that girl over there—" she began, when the other answered: "Yes, she lives opposite us. She's deaf and dumb, poor thing."

"The idea. And there I sat behind her in the street car for four blocks and made remarks about that dowdy hat she has on, all for nothing."

WHAT PAT HAD UNDER HIS COAT.

Benevolent but Near-Sighted Employer—"Patrick, what's that under your coat?"

Pat (who is working the growler)—"I'm sorry to say it is a can, sir."

Employer—"Great Scot, Patrick! Stop work and go straight to the hospital!"—*Mumsey's Weekly.*

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Merchant—"I wish to insert an advertisement in the *Morning Bugle*."

Clerk—"Yes, sir."

"Commence it in this way: 'Pay Cash, and put those words in large letters.'"

"Yes, sir."

"And I wish you'd trust for the amount for a month or so."—*Funke. Blade.*

FIT ASSOCIATES FOR POLICEMEN, ONLY.

"Henry!" cried Mrs. Von Toodles, grasping her somnolent husband by the arm, "Henry, there are burglars in the house! Get up and go down!"

"Utter nonsense, my dear," returned Henry. "You wouldn't have a man of my social position associating with burglars, would you? You astonish me!"—*Chatter.*

A DESPERATE LAST CHANCE.

"If you hypnotize a man, you can make him do anything you want him to, can't you?" asked Ethel.

Yes, I believe so."

I'd like to hypnotize Chollie Hicks, then."

"Why?"

"This is my fourth season, and I'm getting anxious."—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHANGED HIS TUNE.

Lawyer—"Madam, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will."

Woman—"Well, to be frank with you, I don't see a ghost of a chance to pay you for what you have already done if the will isn't broken."

Lawyer—"On second thought, madam, I think the will can be broke."

WHY THEY FELT CUT UP.

"If you please, Mr. Cashgoods," said the young saleswoman, "we have been discussing the matter of salaries. And we find that the men are getting more money for the same work than us girls. And we think that is hardly just, do you?"

"I never looked at it in that light before," answered the merchant, after a little thought. "It shall be remedied at once. I'll cut the men's salaries down next Saturday."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Phœnicia was at the pinnacle of power between the year 2000 and 750 B. C., and, in fact, its people were the instructors and civilizers of the whole Western world.

WELL MEANT, BUT—Daube—Now, Miss Hunter, please look pleasant—that's it—keep that for a moment until I catch it. * * * There. Now you may resume your natural expression if you wish.

NOT USED TO THEIR WAYS.—New Minister—Hereafter it will be necessary to keep the windows tightly closed during service. I was greatly annoyed this morning by the noise of some neighboring factory blowing off steam.

Sexton—That wasn't a factory sir. That was the folks snoring.

HIGHLY UNNATURAL.—Walker—I had a most unnatural dream last night, Fadman I dreamt Binks borrowed five dollars of me for a week.

Fadman—Unnatural! Why, that's Binks all over.

Walker—Yes, but I went on dreaming and I dreamt that Binks paid it back to me at the end of the week.

A VERY PARTICULAR WOMAN.—Agent (at railroad)—Madame, do you wish your baggage checked?

Woman—No, sir; I want it to go.

"Doctors Said There Was No Cure"

GALVA, KANS., March 6, 1890.

My doctor said there was no cure for me. About six weeks ago I had our druggist send for six bottles of Floraplexion, which I have taken, and it has done me more good than anything in twenty years. I am 55 years old. I want a few more bottles for myself and some for my neighbors.

MARY M. CUNNINGHAM.

Floraplexion is the speedy and permanent cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

When the Minneapolis suspension bridge was removed recently, the anchorage irons, although they had been carefully imbedded in cement, were found to be deeply corroded.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

One million tubes for Koch's lymph is the work which is at present engaging the attention of a German glass works. The tubes are made of a fine quality of glass, and are closed with a glass stopper.

One Remedy For All Diseases.

Is true, however strange the assertion. Any compound of vegetables easily absorbed and able to promote digestion, nutrition and excretion, purify the blood and secure healthy action of the liver, kidneys, skin, bowels and lungs, as the ancient formula adopted by the monks of the Middle Ages and known as St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will do, is such a remedy, and there is not one ingredient in them not endorsed by the experience of all schools of medicine since Galen. No blood purifier in the world can equal them. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent free to all applicants. Address St. Bernard, Box 2416, New York.

A sugar, fifteen times sweeter than cane-sugar, and twenty times sweeter than beet-sugar, is reported by a German chemist from cotton seed meal. It cannot be sold to compete with the ordinary article.

Everybody knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

The price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent., owing to its increased use for electrical purposes.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 821 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

M. Damoiseau, of France, has invented a camera to take panoramic views. It is made to turn on its axis so truly that the picture on the entire strip of sensitive paper is said to be perfectly clear in its details.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It has been shown that if the sun was a burning sphere of solid coal it could not last 6000 years.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Vomit Every Meal.

An imitation of Nature—that's the result you want to reach. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, you have it. They cleanse and renovate the whole system *naturally*. That means that they do it thoroughly, but mildly. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective—sugar-coated, easiest to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and gently laxative, or an active cathartic, according to size of dose. As a Liver Pill, they've been imitated, but never equaled.

EVERY MOTHER

Should Have It in The House.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love

to take JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts, Bruises like magic.

THINK OF IT.

In use over 40 YEARS in one family.

Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & Co.—It is sixty years since I first heard of your JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT; for more than *forty years* I have used it in my family. I regard it as one of the best and safest family remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases. O. H. INGALLS, Deacon 2nd Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

PAINLESS---------EFFECTUAL.

FOR

BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine*—

Worth a Guinea a Box.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health. For

Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, &c.,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally.

B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 & 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your Druggist does not keep them)

Will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25 cts. a box. Mention this paper.

LEWIS' 98% LYE

Powdered and Perfumed.

(PATENTED.)

Strongest and *purest* Lye made. Makes the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for softening water, cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT MFG. CO., Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

5 TON SCALES $60 Beam Box Tare Beam ALL SIZES Send for Terms

JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y. WE PAYS THE FREIGHT

BAGGY KNEES POSITIVELY REMEDIED. Greely Pant Stretcher. Adopted by students at Harvard, Amherst, and other Colleges, also, by professional and business men everywhere. If not for sale in your town send 25c. to B. J. GREELY, 715 Washington Street, Boston.

SICK WEAK, NERVOUS, WRETCHED mortals get well and keep well. *Health Helper* tells how. 50 cts. a year. Sample copy free. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

HEALTH CALENDAR and *End of Care for each day of '91.* 30c. Few left, will mail for 15c. each to close. 250,000 in use—designed for the masses—economical!

1891 Cook Book Latest discoveries. 10c. Hough & Co., Publishers, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FREE TO PEOPLE NOT MARRIED. Send address to OMAHA MATRIMONIAL WORLD, Omaha, Nebraska, for FREE COPY of the best Marriage and Correspondence paper published.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, E. Herald Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

HUMOROUS.

Stag gering figures—The Whisky Trust's millions.

Well-heeled—The heiress with French shoes.

A great poker hand—An engine stoker's fist.

A man never sits down on his silk high hat more than once.

She (in the theatre)—Why do you go out between the acts?

He—For spiritual reasons, my dear.

Naughty Willie—I won't! I shan't I don't wanter be an angel.

Firm Mother—You must.

When a new reporter asks for his pay in advance it is fair to presume that he has been working on a village newspaper.

Car Driver—My work is like a church organ.

Passenger—How so?

Car Driver—It's full of stops. Whoa!

NOT IN IT.

Lives of rich men oft remind us,
Struggling for our daily rations,
We shall never leave behind us
Millions for our poor relations.

Millionaire (to his new butler)—Jenkinson, do you smoke?

Butler—Why—er—er—of course I do sir.

Millionaire—Well, tell the locksmith to call around to-day and change the lock of my cigar cabinet.

UNREASONABLE.

They say that each dog has his day,
And ought to have some rights;
But is that any reason, pray,
Why cats should have the night?

Williamson—There is one place I never go to without putting my foot in it.

Hargraves—Where is that?

Williamson—In a shoe store.

A COMPLIMENT TO HER SKILL.—Ethel—I never play on the piano, except for my friends.

Maud—I should think you'd find it more pleasant to play for your enemies. You would then taste the sweets of revenge.

THE RECKLESS GIRL.

"Put on your veil," her mother cried,
"Or you'll your beauty wreck;
The winds your face will freckle o'er"
Quoth the maiden, "Let 'em freck."

A NIGHTINGALE.—Mrs. Smythe—My husband is an enthusiast on music—sits up all night to sing.

Mrs. Tompkins—What does he sing.

Mrs. Smythe—Oh, lullabys, usually.

OBJECTIONS OVERCOME. May—A girl doesn't like to be grabbed and hugged against her will.

Frank—No; but my shirt front isn't any girl's will.

PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE.—Chappie—Your friend Chollie talks of setting out for the North Pole very soon.

Awthaw—Has he any experience as an Arctic explorer?

Chappie—Well, he has been courting a Boston girl all winter.

VERY STRANGE INDEED.—Gilhooly—What o'clock is it, Charley?

Charlie Bondclipper—It's just 10.

Gilhooly—What a singular coincidence! I was just going to ask you for $10.

A STUCK-UP LOT OF MEN.—"Henry," she whispered, "is the glue business, such as yours, a real nice one?"

"Nice!" he declared. "Come down to the factory some time and I'll show you the most stuck-up lot of men you ever saw; the Four Hundred are nowhere."

SHE WANTED TO SEE.—"So this is the barn?" exclaimed the fair young girl who was visiting her country cousins.

"Yes."

"Then do please show me the dear little barnacles."

HE WAS RIGHT.—"Have you any photographs of your children, Mr. Peck?" asked a friend of the Hon. Alpheus Peck.

"I should say I had," answered Mr. Peck. "I've about a bushel of them."

"Why, Alpheus!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, haven't we? Haven't we photographs of all four of them, and don't four pecks make a bushel?"

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and the most gentle diuretic known.

The four most common causes of boiler explosions are external corrosion, overheating, overpressure and weakness of flue. The four least common causes are absence of safety valve, bad material, weak manhole and deposit.

Rupture cured guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

A twenty-acre pond bubbled up out of earth in Center Co., Pa., recently in twenty minutes.

Don't Feel Well

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will soon lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable and dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in such cases as yours.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

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FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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IS THE PURE PAINT. REQUIRES ADDITION OF ANY EQUAL PART OF OIL. MAKING COST PER GAL. $1.25

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Where we have no Agent will arrange with any active Merchant.—L. & M.—N. Y.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Use Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief. Price 25 cts. ASTHMA. By mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

A WOMAN BEST UNDERSTANDS A WOMAN'S ILLS.

The experiments of Lydia E. Pinkham thirty years ago gave to the world the Vegetable Compound, were made through a feeling of sympathy for the afflicted of her sex. She discovered that nearly all the diseases of woman have a common origin, and may have a common cure.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

Is a sure cure for all those painful complaints and weaknesses of women. Sold by all druggists as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

Mrs. Pinkham's book, "Guide to Health and Etiquette," beautifully illustrated, sent on receipt of two 2c. stamps.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

50c. Per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic. Purely vegetable. The safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price, 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York, on receipt of price.

A New Use for Petroleum

The most marvellous results are now being obtained from the use of petroleum in the treatment of catarrh of the head and throat and lung troubles. Send for pamphlet free describing the new treatment to the HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Bowsted's PENNYROYAL Pills SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE. Sent by mail, securely sealed, Price, $1.00. Address, Confidentially, Dr. BOWSTED, 206 N. Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES.

WHY not buy from the Largest Factory of its kind in the world, and SAVE Middlemen's or Dealers' profits. Over 1,000 Articles sold *direct to consumers*, thereby saving 30 to 50 per cent.

Our New Automatic Brake on all Coaches, FREE.

Write at once for Catalogue.

Send stamps and mention goods wanted.

THE LUBURG MANUFACTURING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dept. A 103, Nos. 321, 323, 325 North 8th Street.

25 CTS **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

"PUNCH" says

ought to be done?—

—Ought stands for nothing. The house ought to be cleaned with *Sapolio*. Try a cake in your next house-cleaning and be convinced.

"IGNORANCE of the law excuses no man," and ignorance is no excuse for a dirty house or greasy kitchen. Better clean them in the old way than not at all; but the modern and sensible way is to use SAPOLIO on paint, on floors, on windows, on pots and pans, and even on statuary. To be ignorant of the uses of SAPOLIO is to be behind the age.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS. DIAMOND BRAND.

PENNYROYAL * PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND BEWARE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggists for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. 40 cts. is postmarked home, and wrapper, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JUNE 11.

RACKET STORE NEWS!

BELLEFONTE, JUNE 4, 1891.

Just in. A new line all wool and cotton Challis. Fast Black Plaids, Stripes and Mulls, Chantilli and Spanish Lace Flouncings and Demi Flouncings, Trimming Laces, all width. The new Silver, Gold and Oxydised Guimp. The largest and best assortment of late style Dress Goods in the city. An immense assortment of Gloria Silk Umbrellas and Sun Shades, lace covered and fancy plaid all Silk Parasols. Our Shoe Department occupies a space 20x40 feet and is a very interesting part of the Store for Racket Buyers.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mrs. D. J. Meyer is visiting in Rebersburg this week.

— Straw berries have been in market the last few weeks.

——Cherries are near ripe hereabouts and are quite plenty too.

——Daniel Bohn, of Lemont, was in town Wednesday morning.

——Charles Kurtz, of the Bellefonte *Democrat* spent Sunday at home.

——Mr. James Schofield, of Bellefonte, will take his departure for Ireland next week.

——Mrs. Daniel Kreamer, of Rebersburg, is again improving from her recent illness.

—Mrs. A. S. Kerlin has beautified her lawn by several flower beds in shape of stars.

——E. M. Huyett had the stately locust tree felled on the corner in front of his residence.

- -Mr. and Mrs. John Camp, of Milroy, Pa., are visiting their son, W. R. Camp, in Centre Hall.

——Mrs. Flora Bairfoot left Wednesday morning for a trip to Philadelphia, Hanover and other cities.

——The Bellefonte *Daily News* continues to grow brighter and more newsy every issue, and is a credit to the town.

——New cabbage has made its appearance and is not deemed as economical as a filling for a stomach of a slim purse.

——All crops have taken a new start—since the recent rain, and an abundance of everything seems ahead.

——Commissioner Jim Strohm took a week's vacation, spent the time with his parents and relatives in and about Centre Hill.

——Cyrus Brumgard's massive form, of Millheim, circulated among friends, which are many, in Centre Hall, on Tuesday.

——George Benner has removed his store building from across the street to the foundation on his lot in front of the station building.

——Mr. E. Graham, one of Bellefonte's oldest citizens, died on Tuesday noon. He was aged about eighty years and was the father of a large family.

——The friends of Dr. Laurie, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Bellefonte, before he left on his visit to Scotland, presented him with a purse of $300.

——Street paving means substantial, lasting and well graded streets at some little cost at first, but a large saving of money in the end.

——The Mt. Gretna farmers' encampment will be held from August 16 to 22. Thirty acres of cleared space will be added to the area devoted to the exhibition of machinery.

——Miss Sue Neff, formerly of Centre Hill, but the past few years living at Freeport, Ill., arrived in this place last Friday morning for a visit among friends and relatives.

——A. P. Wieland has gone to Twolick, Indiana county, to take charge of the clerical work in the office of the Hughes and Guthrie Lumber Company. —Philipsburg *Daily Journal*.

——Bellefonte's flaring three sheet posters, heralding their celebration on the 4th of July, are meeting one's eye in different parts of the town. All Penns valley will turn out en masse on that day and as usual, our neighbor can expect a large crowd.

——The Bellefonte Furnace Co., whose plant has lain idle for many months will be put in operation again in a short time. The works will give employment to about 700 men. This move has been anxiously awaited by Bellefonte.

——A lady in the northern part of Missouri only received six votes for County School Commissioner. She offered a reward of $50 if the depositors of the votes would reveal their names to her. The same day she offered the reward 789 men called and told her they voted for her. She says she will contest the election if she convicts half the county for lying.

Supposed to be Wilson.

Many arrests have been made the last few months for Wilson, the murderer of Harry Waterhouse, who escaped from the county jail some time ago, but all turned out to be the wrong man. In the last arrest made however, there seems to be grounds for thinking at last the right man has been secured. In our last issue we made mention of the fact that District Attorney Meyer had received information from Madison, Wisconsin, that a man was under arrest in that town who answered perfectly the description of Wilson, in height, weight, color of hair, tatoo marks, etc. Mr. Meyer sent as minute a description of the man as was possible to send and a request for a picture of the man confined there.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Meyer received a photograph of the man, from the authorities at Madison, and it has been adjudged by all who have seen it, and those familiar with the countenence of the escaped murderer to be an excellent likeness of him. The features are identical and the description is exactly that of Wilson. He also exhibited some of Wilson's traits and refused to have his picture taken, and it had to be done under protest. The authorities at Bellefonte, if it will be remembered, were also unable to get a likeness of Wilson, as he baffled all attempts in that direction.

A letter also accompanied the photograph in which it was stated that the man under arrest confessed to knowing all about the murder of Waterhouse and stated further that he knew the man who committed the deed and that he had seen him after his escape from jail. He explained the tatoo marks on his arms which were similar to those of Wilson's, as being put there by the right man after he got away, so that it would confuse the authorities and neither could then be identified. When he was informed his picture was wanted he said he would sooner have it sent in here than have a man come to Madison to identify him, as he had grown considerably heavier and they would be unable to recognize him from the likeness.

If credence can be given the facts received from Madison, there is little doubt but that the man confined there is Wilson, and District Attorney Meyer will investigate still further and the probability is that some one will be sent out to Wisconsin to identify him. The general impression however seems to be that the right man has at last been apprehended and will speedily be brought to justice for his heinous crime.

Judge Walls Dead.

Judge John Walls, of Lewisburg' Union county, died Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the University Hospital, at Philadelphia, of heart failure. His son W. C. Walls, and Judge Bucher, President Judge Walls, son in-law, were present at the last and they accompanied the body to Lewisburg.

Twelve years ago Judge Walls had his right hand amputated, a cancer having attacked that member and which threatened to extend to the arm. Although 79 years of age when this was done, the Judge learned to write with his left hand and was able to conduct his business in that way without much inconvenience. Four weeks ago a cancerous growth appeared on the right cheek and two weeks later the Judge had this removed by Dr. Agnew. He recovered apparently from the effects of the operation and was preparing to return home when attacked by heart failure to which he succumbed.

He was 91 years of age and was looked upon as a landmark in the history of his county.

Mr. Walls had deen chosen Senator and Judge by the people of his county and district and was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of the interior of Pennsylvania.

A Delegation.

The *Daily News* says that word was received from Centre Hall that the young men of the place would like to get up a club of fantastics and go to Bellefonte on the fourth of July and participate in the celebration. It certainly would be a good idea to have such a delegation from this place represent our blooming town in the parade and there is the necessary timber among our young men to take such a thing in charge and carry it through. They will be sent an invitation and urged to come and will also be given a good position in the line of parade. See what you can do boys, and don't let Centre Hall be without representatives in the line of parade at Bellefonte's celebration on the Fourth.

Fishing Party.

A fishing party went down to Paddy mountain tunnel on Wednesday morning, composed of the families of Fred Kurtz, A. L. Katherman, A. H. Harter, W. E. Fischer and W. L. Kurtz; taking the morning train and returning in the evening. They were loaded with lots of good things to eat and—(there we pretty nearly gave the racket away,) and had a royal big time, bringing home a few fish which were accidentally caught.

— Give Lewins, Bellefonte, your order for spring and summer clothing and you will not regret it. Low prices and no shoddy.

— A full line of spring clothing has been received at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, and can be purchased at very low prices. One of the best cutters is in the employ of Lewins and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Will They Do It?

Since the stone crusher is here and set up would it not be an excellent idea for the council to authorize the street commissioner to cover our street with crushed stone and fix them up in a somewhat decent shape? Several of them are simply in a horrible condition, especially through town to the depot. The road is full of ruts and large stone and in a shameful condition. It is still owned by the pike company who are brazen-browed enough to collect toll for same, and make no effort whatever to keep the same in a respectable condition. The council should bring them to terms or have them returned for collecting toll. Patience has almost ceased to be a virtue in this matter and the citizens have put up with it for several years in hopes this end of the road would be put into condition for driving. Let the borough take it off their hands as should be done, as will be the case eventually, and repair it in general. Some no doubt will kick on the matter regarding the cost, but the borough as yet we believe, is not bankrupt and can stand the small item. No money can be spent by the council to a better advantage and to the approval of the citizens than taking this in charge and making it a credit to the town. Will the council act and voice the sentiments of the public in general? Let us have decent streets. We await the action of the council in this matter and earnestly hope they will stand up for the rights of the town.

The Stone Crusher at Work.

Street Commissioner Dauberman who has been at work on the new street to the depot, on Monday, put the stone crusher belonging to the pike company, to work smashing stone for the street. It chaws up the lime stone at a great rate and has a ravenous appetite which a force of about eight men seem unable to gratify. The street will soon be covered with the broken stone and from present outlook will be a creditable job. The small hill in front of Rob. Foreman's has been cut down about two feet and other parts have also been properly graded. The council shall also authorize the grading of the hill at the Presbyterian church and have the top lowered several feet.

Fishing in Private Ponds.

The following is the law relating to fishing in private ponds or streams:

The act of June 3rd, 1878, under which private streams are protected is very plain on the subject. Section 21 provides as follows: "Any person trespassing on any lands for the purpose of taking fish from any private pond, stream or spring, after public notice on the part of the owner or occupant thereof, such notice being posted adjacent to such pond, stream or spring, shall be deemed guilty of trespass, and in addition to damages recoverable by law shall be liable to the owner, lessee or occupant in a penalty of $100 for every such offense."

Providing For Emergencies.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has made another departure in providing for emergencies. Broken rails are unavoidable and frequently cause serious delay to railroad traffic. To overcome the inconvenience attending such mishaps this company has conceived the plan of placing a spare rail, elevated to the height of about one foot by posts planted perpendicularly in the ground at every mile along its main tracks, ready for instantaneous use.

Must Provide Seals.

By a recent enactment of the Legislature, all justices of the peace will hereafter provide for themselves and use a seal of office, to be affixed to all affidavits, transcripts and other official papers. The seal shall be similar to the one used by notaries public, except that around the outer edge shall be the name of the justice, his county and the words justice of the peace.

Not So in Centre Hall.

While standing on one of our prominent thoroughfares, the subject of vacant residences came up for discussion. In looking about, eight vacant houses could be seen. Yet the Bellefonte landlords insist in extorting monstrous rents from the tenants. That is the way to build up a town.—Bellefonte *Centre Democrat*.

Rare Occurrance

Four men happened to meet at Bellefonte and fell to discussing ages, and to the surprise of all, the four were born in the same month, March. of the year 1819. They were William Foster and J. B. Sauers, of State College; John Thompson, of Martha Furnace, and James H. Rankin, of Bellefonte.

Finger Mashed

John Meyer was unfortunate enough on Monday to have his middle finger on the right hand badly crushed, at Linden Hall. He was assisting in loading a car of lumber and a heavy piece of timber fell upon his finger with the above result.

To Wed.

A marriage license was granted in Blair county to Rev. Frank W. Leidy, pastor of the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal charge, and Miss Grace E. Burleigh, of Tyrone.

Woodland Coal.

Two car loads Woodland coal just received at Kurtz & Son's mill.

Sudden Death

The community near Madisonburg was shocked on Saturday morning by the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Yearick, the wife of Rev. Samuel Yearick, living in close proximity to Madisonburg. Mrs. Yearick had been out in the garden attending to some duties and feeling slightly ill, started for the house and seated herself in a chair and requested a dose of medicine from a member of the family. Her request was complied with, but little thought was given to any seriousness of her sudden illness and she was left alone in the room for a few minutes, when a noise was heard therein, and investigation revealed Mrs. Yearick upon the floor, having fallen from her chair to the floor dead. Death being caused by paralysis of the heart. She had not been in the best of health for some time, being troubled with a slight affection of the heart, but was not confined to the house. Her husband, Rev. Samuel Yearick, a retired minister of the Evangelical church, is at present time seriously ill with dropsy and is confined to his bed in consequence.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning and was one of the largest yet seen in that section. The interment being made at Yearick's church, about two miles west of Madisonburg. Four ministers of the Evangelical church acted as pall bearers. She was aged over sixty years.

Mysterious Disappearance.

On Friday May 15th, Alexander Stover, residing in Hartley twp., northwest of Hartleton, Union co., started away from home looking for a job of work. He went toward Buffalo mountain and inquired at several places for employment at burning charcoal, but was unsuccessful. He was last seen going in the direction of his home, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Since then he has not been heard of. His wife and relatives are greatly troubled by his mysterious disappearance

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, 50c. per bottle.

Bees Stop a Train.

A swarm of bees, near Huntingdon, caused a temporary cessation of traffic on the Pennsylvania Railroad, last Wednesday. While a freight train was passing the farm of M. K. Myton above that city, a swarm of bees settled in the cab of the engine, driving the engineer and fireman from their posts. After the train had been stopped a long line of freight was kept waiting until the owner affected their removal. More than a bushel of bees were in the swarm.

Will Cement It.

It was expected when the water company began excavating for their new reservoir in the mountain, that a clay would be struck which would make it unnecessary to line the reservoir inside to make it hold water, but they were disappointed and have met with earth only of a gravelly nature, which will not hold water. It will be necessary now to wall up the sides and cover the sides and bottom with cement. This will be an expense not looked for, but the company will do a good job of it and one that will last.

Near Completion.

The frescoing of the Presbyterian church is nearly completed in the main audience room and very pretty it is too. It was performed by knight of the brush, D. F. Luse, who has skill in that line. At a recent meeting of the building committee it was decided to cover the floor of the church with carpet. The next move to be made by our Presbyterian brethren will be for the purchase of a bell.

For a New Trial.

Messrs Kress & McCormick, attorneys for Charles Cleary, have applied for a third trial for their unfortunate client, who has been twice convicted of murder in the first degree. They have filed their reasons seven in number, for asking that Cleary should have another show for his life.

Sentenced for Carrying a Revolver.

At Williamsport Judge Mayer, who is holding court for Judge Metzger, sentenced a fellow to the penitentiary for carrying a revolver on his person. The individual was considerably surprised, but the law forbids the carrying of concealed weapons. He will know better when he comes out of prison.

Five Confirmed.

Last Sunday morning Rev. Baskerville of the Presbyterian church, confirmed five new members into the Centre Hall congregation at Centre Hill.

A Rolling Stone

Gathers no moss; neither does the dust light on the Philad. Branch's new stock of clothing for spring and summer, as customers keep it moving at figures which captivate all.

Train 12 on Pennsylvania R. R.

The new passenger train which was placed in service on the 25th inst, by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has proven a great convenience to the traveling public. This train leaves Williamsport at 4 p. m. daily except Sunday, arriving at Watsontown 4.45 p. m., Sunbury 5.21 p. m., Millersburg 6.16 p. m., Harrisburg 7.05 p. m. making direct connections at Watsontown to and from all points on Wilkesbarre & Western Railway. At Sunbury for all points in the Coal Regions, arriving at Wilkesbarre 7.50 p. m., Scranton 9.01 p. m., Hazleton via Nescopee 7.56 p. m., Pottsville 9.05 p. m. arriving at Shamokin 6.20 p. m., Mt. Carmel 6.55 p. m., at Millersburg for points on Summit Branch R. R. arriving at Lykens 7.18 p. m., Williamstown 7.30 p. m. and at Harrisburg for the East, South and West arriving at Philadelphia 10 55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m., Chambersburg 9 25 p. m., Hagerstown 10.20 p. m., Pittsburg 2 a. m. Train 112 now leaves Bellefonte 2 p. m. connecting at Montandon and train leaving Scranton 2 38 p. m., Wilkesbarre 3.12 p. m. connects at Sunbury with this new train from Williamsport for all points South, East and West.

The public will notice the close connections made at all junction points. The connection at Harrisburg with train 21 is a great convenience for parties going west. Passengers from the Coal Regions can now leave Wilkesbarre 7.05 a. m, Pottsville 6.00 a. m., Hazleton 7.10 a. m. connecting at Sunbury with News Express, arriving at Williamsport 11.15 a. m., returning, leave Williamsport same day on new train at 4 p. m.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Cold, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

They Have No Debt.

There are eighteen counties in Pennsylvania that have no debt. They are Lehigh, Beaver, Cameron, Centre, Columbia, Erie, Forest, Franklin, Green, Lawrance, Mercer, Montour, Perry, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Wyoming and York. The Combined debt of all the other counties is $58,979,792.

To Take the Places of Strikers.

On Monday afternoon a large hack load and several carriages, along with a baggage wagon passed through town with nail workers aboard, on their way to Lewistown at which place they will take the places of striking nail workers. They were from Bellefonte and about thirty in number.

A Salary.

With expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement on page headed, "A Chance to Make Money." June 11 4 t.

The Furnace in Blast.

The Valentine Iron Company, of Bellefonte, started their fires on Wednesday. These works will give employment to 500 men and the monthly pay roll will about $10,000. This will revive the business interests of Bellefonte considerably.

Cigarette Poison.

Robert Flory, of Williamsport, according to the *Sun*, is seriously ill from the effects of cigarette smoking, in which he has indulged for eleven years, smoking from ten to twenty of the disgusting things per day. His physician says he has so poisoned his system that nothing more can be done for him.

Life's Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. The greatest of all mistakes is to allow a simple Cough or Cold to take its course, which always ends in death; check it in time, and save life by use of Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

——Do you want to secure genuine bargains in clothing and gent's furnishing goods? Lewins, at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, can save you considerable money.

Spring Mills.

Mrs. Beezer, of Bellefonte, spent several days with relatives here last week.

Miss Mary Zeigler spent last week at Bellefonte with her sister, Mrs. Bartges.

Quite a number of certificates were granted at the examination at this place last Thursday.

Mrs. William Allison has gone to New York to visit relatives.

Mrs. Kate Krumrine spent a day at Rebersburg last week.

Mrs. Brachbill, of Bellefonte, is circulating among friends here.

Mrs. E. C. Nearhood has returned after a weeks' visit with her parents at Rebersburg.

A Kind Friend.

Is what they call that Famous Remedy, Red Flag Oil, it quickly cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, and all pain. It is good for man or beast.

No other medicine has won for itself such confidence as Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator. It is the best combination for the cure of all Kidney and Liver Complaints. Trial bottles free at J. D Murray's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON

White wheat	98
Red wheat	1 00
Rye	70
Corn, ears	70
Corn, shelled	74
Oats	52
Barley	60

Produce at Stores.

Butter	10
Eggs	15
Lard	7
Shoulders	7
Ham	11
Tallow	4
Potatoes	100

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 26mar 1 y

We pay Salary

and expenses to LIVE AGENTS men or women. No drones wanted. Work steady year round and cash weekly. Good pay for part time. Fine outfit free. Experience not needed. Send references and stamp at once. J. EUGENE WHITNEY, Rochester, N. Y.

This firm is perfectly responsible. 1 dec 6m

The Enemy In Ambush.

Every one knows that at this season of the year disease lies in ambush, ever ready to pounce and prey upon the weak. And any fairminded physician will tell you that the only safeguard lies in keeping the system thoroughly keyed up by the use (not abuse) of a reliable stimulant. Hundreds of tonics are advertised for this purpose, but experience shows that a pure rye whiskey is the only one to be depended upon. Max Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" brands are sold under a sworn guarantee of absolute purity; an affidavit accompanies each bottle "Silver Age" sells for $1.50 and "duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart bottle. The difference in age makes the difference in price—both brands are warranted to be unadulterated.

You can get Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson or Overholt from Mr. Klein at $1.00. His stock of wines, brandies, gins, etc., is acknowledged to be the largest and choicest in the state. Goods shipped to all parts of the U. S. Send for catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper. MAX KLEIN, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Rachael Arney, dec'd., of Centre Hall, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. J. ARNEY, 21may6t Administrator.

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